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INSURANCE
CLAIMS
PAID.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY

P.W.
COUPON

Oct. 28, 1893

No. 171.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK MATHS.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 28, 1893.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ASPINALL'S

"A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD."
"Colours Exquisite." "Surface like Porcelain."

Colour cards gratis and post-free on application to **ASPINALL'S ENAMEL** (Limited), New Cross, London, S.E.

ENAMEL.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury.
The Choicest Dishes and the Richest
Custards.

"Cadbury's"

"The Typical Cocoa of English
Manufacture, Absolutely Pure."

NO
CHEMICALS
USED

(As in many of the so-called
Pure Foreign Cocoas.)
The Analyst.

INVIGORATOR CORSET

For Appearance, Comfort, and Upright Figure.

The COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK says:—"I think them such very good
stays, and those you sent for my daughter answered admirably."
The LANCET, July 23rd, 1892, says:—"We have had submitted to
us a specimen of 'Reast's Patent Invigorator Corset.' It claims to possess
two important qualifications: First that it tends to prevent tight-lacing,
so common and so injurious; and secondly that it lends support to the
shoulders by means of straps which cross over the shoulders and thus
afford valuable assistance to persons who are weak in the chest, or who
have a tendency to stoop. Tight lacing and stooping generally go together
—what prevents the one will tend to remedy the other. We have submitted
the truth of these statements to practical test, and the Corsets have been
found to be a great comfort. While affording a necessary support, these
Corsets are made of a material so pliant that they really adapt themselves
to all movements of the body."

REAST'S PATENT INVIGORATOR CORSET. Ladies, 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 12s. 6d.
Specialists—Long Waist, 6s. 6d., 8s. 11d., 12s. 6d., 18s. 6d.
It differs in obtaining from Shops, write REAST, 15, CLAREMONT,
HASTINGS, who will send Post Free on approval.
Special Attention given to Gentlemen's Corsets.



2,000 COPIES SOLD IN A FEW DAYS. GIGANTIC SUCCESS.
A TON OF PAPER USED.

6D. POST FREE 2nd EDITION READY! POST FREE 6D.

THE WORLD'S FAIR—A VOYAGE



GRAND TREBLE NUMBER

No. 625-26-27. OF No. 625-26-27.

BROOME'S MUSIC

ENTITLED

THE WORLD'S FAIR; OR, A VOYAGE TO CHICAGO.

Beautifully Arranged and Harmonised by the celebrated Composer
LEONARD GAUTIER.

ILLUSTRATED TITLE
(ENLARGED PICTURE OF ABOVE IN SHADES OF VIOLET.)

8 Full Pages,
Containing Selections from the following New & Popular Music:

Would
you like
a Copy
of the
Finest
Descriptive
Grand
Fantasia
of the
Present
Day?

THE START

Anchor's Weigh'd.
Ship's Fiddler.

IRELAND
IN SIGHT

Rory O'More.

CONCERT
IN THE
SALOON

Welcome, ever welcome, Friends.
My all in all Walts. (Just Published.)
My hope, my all in all. Song. (Just Published.)

AMERICA
IN SIGHT

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.
Yankee Doodle.

BRILLIANT FINALE, REPRESENTING THE LANDING
HOLBORN MUSIC STORES (Proprietor, W. H. Broome), Room E, 15, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.
"How to LEARN THE HARP in 8 Easy Lessons." Post Free, 1s.

WHEN BUYING CROCKERY

Remember that you have a chance of saving a lot of money by dealing with the maker. **THE PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY**, of Hanley, Staffordshire, have astonished the whole world by their marvellous packing of China and Earthenware, containing 100 pieces for One Guinea, and by writing a post-card every household may become possessed of proof that this package contains a Dinner Service (guaranteed worth the money alone); a beautiful China Tea Service, and a collection of very superior and useful household crockery, comprising cups and saucers, jugs, pudding and kitchen basins, baking dishes, &c., &c. Write for list. Never mind the trouble. The Pearson Pottery Company will very gladly answer any questions. Full advertisements have so frequently been inserted in PEARSON'S WEEKLY that an immense number of the readers of this valuable journal are well informed as to the constitution of this wonderful package. If the contents are not suitable it will still pay you to inquire with view to future requirements. Dinner Services, from 12s. 6d., of 40 pieces (beautiful patterns); Tea Services, from 6s., of 40 pieces in Earthenware, and 7s. 6d. for 40 pieces, in china with gold; Toilet Services, of 8 pieces large size, from 4s. 6d., newly modelled fancy goods, at hitherto unknown prices. Deal with the manufacturer who you can. You save the intermediate profits made by agents, shopkeepers, and salesmen; the high charges caused by city and town rents and taxes, and many other incidental expenses that run up to nearly double the original price. Is fifty per cent. worth saving? If so, correspond with the Pearson Pottery Company, Hanley, who will guarantee this saving. A post-card with your address will bring an immediate reply. Copies of thousands of testimonials are shown that have been received from delighted recipients of the famous Guinea Package of Crockery can contain 100 pieces, who say "Nothing was broken." "Really marvellous value." "I could not have believed it." "I shall recommend you to all I know," and so on. The Dinner Service is of the pattern shown here, though a private advertisement cannot do full justice to well-printed earthenware. Matchings can always be had at any moment at a very low price, so that the services can always remain intact. This is a valuable promise to householders who find it impossible to replace broken pieces except at a very high price. Freedom from breakage guaranteed. **THE PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY** BAZAAR Parcel will cost 60s., and always brings more than double its money. Ladies very often find this gift to a Bazaar the best method of solving the vexed question "What shall I give?" and "What must I do?"



This is the Vegetable Dish of the pattern given in the famous Guinea Package of Crockery, containing 100 pieces for 61 s. Thousands sold. Money returned if not approved. Terms—cash with order.

Deal with the maker of the goods, and save all other profit. As full particulars are impossible in an advertisement, please write to

THE PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE.



IS THE BEST REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED

It acts like magic in relieving all pain, an throbbing, and soon cures the most obstinate corns and bunions. It is especially useful for redness enlarged Great Toe Joints, which so spoil the symmetry of otherwise beautiful feet. Thousands have been cured some of whom had suffered for fifty years, without being able to get relief from any other remedy.

(It is a thin plaster, and takes up no room in the boot.) trial of a Box is earnestly solicited, as immediate relief is sure

Box, 1s. 11d., of all Chemists, or post free, for 16 stamps from the Proprietors, **M. BEETHAM & SON, CHANDLER, GRETENHAM.**

If we succeed in pleasing you, will you reward us by handing this copy to someone when you have finished with it?

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 171.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING OCT. 28, 1893.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

HOME FROM SCHOOL.

Now here I am in the sweet old place—
Yes, little mother, I'm here to stay;
Let me hold your hair against my face,
And kiss both cheeks in the dear old way.
Just look at me hard—I'm well and strong;
Just feel my arms—they'll stand the test;
I'll go to the kitchen where I belong;
You go to the porch and rest.
Now, hear, little mother, you dear little mother,
Sit under the porch and rest.

I liked my teachers, I liked my books,
I had my share of the pranks and fun;
But my heart came back to the sweet home nooks,
And rested with you when the day was done.
I used to think what you had for tea;
Just what you were doing, and how you were
dressed;
And somehow or other it seemed to me
You didn't take half enough rest.
You sly little mother, you sly little mother,
I'm going to have you rest.

Dear little mother, it brings the tears
Whenever I think what I've let you do;
You've planned for my pleasure years and years—
It's time I planned a little for you.
So drop that apron, and smooth your hair;
Read, visit, or knit—what suits you best;
Lean back in your chair, let go your care,
And really and truly rest.
You neat little mother, you sweet little mother,
Just take a soft chair and rest.

THAT SETTLED HIM.

A RATHER loudly-dressed "gentleman" stepped into the necktie department of a big shop the other afternoon, and in a supercilious tone that would have nettled a graven image into anger, uttered the single mandatory word:

"Neckties!"

Then he threw back his head as if the assistant was entirely beneath his notice. This top-lofty air aggravated the assistant, but he quietly displayed a number of late patterns with a deferential air.

"These," said he obsequiously, "are the very newest thing, and are excellent quality at a shilling."

"A shilling!" haughtily snapped the customer. "A shilling! Do I look like a man who would wear a shilling necktie? Is there anything about me to indicate that I—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," meekly interposed the assistant, "the sixpenny counter is at the other end of the room."

HOW TO CURE A FEVER.

THE common disease of the Sumbhulpoor province in Hindoostan, is a violent fever, the first symptom of which is being light-headed. The doctor first enjoins the patient to vow a sacrifice to Sumbhul, the deity of the place, to expiate her wrath.

He then proceeds to exercise the patient gently if his fever be mild, but with greater violence if he be light-headed. They then employ five or six men to hold the patient in a sitting posture, while the doctor jabbers over a form of words, blowing in his face at each period.

This provokes him very much; he swears horribly, and abuses them; all this is placed to the account of the devil in him. They aggravate his rage by holding a horse's burning hoof under his nose, so that all the smoke goes up his nostrils.

He grows outrageous, till, quite exhausted by the struggle that he makes to extricate himself from those who hold him, he falls down almost insensible, and, a profuse perspiration succeeding, they cover him up close to encourage it, and the fever is thereby carried off.

Thus his madness is cured by means which would drive a sane man out of his senses. If the patient be so much exhausted that he cannot struggle, the doctor pronounces the devil to be too much for him.

NICE FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

A LADY, accompanied by a large retriever dog, muzzled, entered a photographer's studio, and said sweetly:

"I want you to photograph my dog, if you please, Mr. X."

"Certainly," replied the unsuspecting photographer. "I'm afraid it will be rather a difficult matter; still, I know you take such trouble over animals, that I thought I would come to you in preference to anybody else."

"You are very good, madam," said the flattered photographer; "of course you don't want him taken with his muzzle on?"

"No," returned the lady; "but that is just where the difficulty comes in. You see he was bitten yesterday by another dog, and although I don't think there's the slightest danger, I thought I would like to have him photographed, poor fellow, in case symptoms of hydrophobia set in, and he had to be killed. None of us have dared to take off his muzzle yet, but we thought, Mr. X., that as you were used to animals—"

She was alone when she finished her sentence, for he of the camera had vanished.

SIMPLE SINCERITY.

THEY loved each other devoutly, notwithstanding he weighed nine stone and she a good thirteen.

For three hours all the furniture in the room except one chair might have been removed, and they would not have missed it.

"Henry," she murmured, her arms about his neck, "do you love me?"

"More than all the world," he answered sincerely.

"And do you love me the same whatever my moods may be?"

"Just the same, dearest."

"But not this evening, Henry!"

"Why not this evening?" he asked reproachfully.

"Because I have such a cold and I am so dull and heavy."

"Why, dearest, you are not—"

"Stop, Henry," she cooed, as she put her soft hand over his mouth. "Don't you really think I am dull and heavy this evening?"

Henry twisted about just a trifle.

"Well, dearest," he hesitated—"if I—if I may say so, you are not at all dull; but, dearest, you—you are just a—just a—just a little tiny bit heavy."

And he shifted one foot slightly to the north-west.

CURIOSLY CAUGHT.

SOMETIMES in quite an uncommon and unexpected way the finny tribe fall victims to their captors. The writer has often seen mackerel taken with almost any bright object—even silver coins answering the purpose of a lure.

When a yacht was on a fishing cruise, its owner was pulling in a gurnet which he had hooked on a "spinner," when suddenly a shark appeared and tried to swallow the gurnet, but the smaller fish fought hard to escape the jaws of the huge creature, now diving under the boat, and now swimming on top of the water. All the while the shark was making great rushes at it, and once or twice got it in his mouth.

One of the men got the gaff, and, when opportunity offered, by a dexterous stroke sent the gaff into the shark, which was hauled on board, where its frantic efforts to escape threw all into confusion. A few well-applied blows with a marline-spike soon placed this curiously-captured creature out of harm's way.

Another unexpected double capture was made in this way:—A gentleman fishing for jack from a punt hooked a three-and-a-half-pound fish, which was immediately seized by a thirteen-pounder, and so determined was the hold of the large pike on his victim, that the angler succeeded in landing the brace, although the larger fish held no hook in him.

Another angler once caught a fish in a very peculiar way. On casting his fly a moderate-sized trout rose to it. He struck, and, as he thought, hooked it. For its size it gave an unusually strong and strange pull, and when landed it appeared that the fish was not hooked at all, but that the gut had formed a loop, which had thus snared the fish by the middle of its body.

THAT AWFUL CORK.

To my thinking Mr. Corney Grain's best anecdote is the one about a supper party he once got up for himself. He had stayed with some people who did not understand the ways of singers, and that they are fond of a little supper after their work. This was disagreeable, so when he went there again he thought the best way to spare their feelings was to take a packet of sandwiches and a pint of champagne with him for a private supper in his bedroom. Alas! the bedroom of his kind hosts was next to his, and the walls were very thin. How was he to open the champagne and not allow the pop to be heard?

This is how he relates it. "I couldn't do it under the bedclothes, it might be up and overflow. How would it do to give a great cough at the precise moment of the pop? The cork wouldn't come out, but I gave a cough that would awaken the dead. A knock at my door. It is my host with some cough lozenges. I thanked him. 'I hope you are quite comfortable,' he said, 'is your bed all right?' Horror! he was making for it, and I had hidden the pint of champagne in it when he knocked. 'It's delicious,' I said, as in despair, I sat on the bottle. 'Soft as eiderdown.' 'What,' he exclaimed, 'they've never given you a feather bed. Let me feel.'

"He felt the bottle. 'What on earth is this?' 'My hot-water bottle,' I said, 'I never travel without it.' 'A hot-water bottle in the month of August, what must you want in January?' 'Oh! I'm a chilly mortal,' I said, feeling hot all over. 'Well, you don't look it,' he said. 'No,' I said, 'the ice-plant looks warm, but it isn't.' 'Well, good-night,' he said, 'and don't let me hear that cough again, or I'll get my wife to send you some of her own pet remedies, and you won't forget them in a hurry, I can tell you.'

"Good gracious, what a position! The wretched pint of champagne was in the bed, the top of the cork had broken off and it was liable to pop at any moment. If it did, my host might think I was ill, and would probably come with some of his wife's horrible pet remedies. I was loath to lose the champagne, but I only possessed a scent-bottle corkscrew. I broke that corkscrew. Luckily my knife possessed a thing for picking stones out of a horse's hoof. This was the first time I had ever known such a thing to be useful, and even then not for the purpose for which it was intended.

"I must have picked at that cork for an hour. At last there came a faint fizzing sound. The critical moment was approaching; I listened; all quiet; not a sound except a faint nasal duet in the adjoining apartment. Hurrah, the cork is out, a noiseless victory! Now for my long deferred drink! . . . The wine was bad. Vinegar was sweet compared to it!"

A MAN tried to commit suicide by perforating his head with a bullet. The bullet passed through his skull all right, but did not touch the brain. Before that sort of man goes shooting for his own brains, he ought to acquire the requisite skill by practising at a pea in a pecc measure for a time.

JACK FORD: "Did you see that girl cut me then?"

FRANK WILCOX: "I noticed she didn't how."

JACK FORD: "And yet I saved her life!"

FRANK WILCOX: "How?"

JACK FORD: "We were engaged, and finally she said she'd rather die than marry me, so I let her off."

"WHAT is it, my children," exclaimed the temperance advocate, "that causes men to ignore the ties of home, neglect their families, stay out until after midnight, and get up with a bad headache in the morning?"

"I know," shouted a little wide-awake in the room.

"Well, my little fellow, tell the others what it is."

"Politics."

APPLICANT FOR PLACE.—"Well, I don't know, mum. You have a very large family, and I'm afraid I couldn't do the work. I suppose you have great trouble in keeping girls, don't you?"

SHARP HOUSEKEEPER: "Yes, indeed. There is a big factory of handsome young men near here, and every one of my servant girls goes off and gets married."

"Oh! well, I'll try it."

Next week we hope to be able to give away in the weekly competitions a charming miniature novelty in place of the pencil-cases.

Seize time by the forelock and give your newsagent an order for our Christmas Numbers.

aboard, she proceeded to make her way slowly by the aid of a tug out of Milwaukee Harbour.

As soon as she was once clear of the wharf, and while the busy shipping of the great port still surrounded them on every side, Captain Pierpoint calmly drew his revolver and took his stand beside the hatch.

"Pete and Hiram," he said quietly to his two assistants, "I want to have a little serious talk with you two before we go any further."

If he had fired upon them outright, instead of merely calling them by their own names, the two common conspirators could not have started more unfelicitously, or looked more unspeakably cowed, than they did at that moment. Their first impulse was to draw their own revolvers in return; but they saw in a second that the captain was beforehand with them, and they had better not try to shoot him before the very eyes of all Milwaukee.

"Now, boys," the captain went on steadily, with his finger on the trigger and his eye fixed straight on the men's faces, "we three quite understand one another. I took your savings for reasons of my own, and you shipped here to-day to murder me on the voyage. But I recognized you before I engaged you; and I have left word at Milwaukee that if anything happens to me on this journey, you two have a grudge against me, and must be hanged for it. I've taken care that if this scow comes into any port along the lakes without me aboard, you two are to be promptly arrested. (This was false, of course; but to Captain Pierpoint a small matter like that was a mere trifle.)

"And I've shipped myself along with you, just to show you I'm not afraid of you. But if either of you disobeys my orders in anything for one minute I shoot at once, and no jury in Canada or the States will touch a hair of my head for doing it. I'm a respectable shipowner and grain merchant, you're a pair of disreputable skulking miners, pretending to be sailors, and you've shipped aboard here on purpose to murder me. If you shoot me it's murder, if I shoot you it's justifiable homicide. Now, boys, do you understand that?"

Pete looked at Hiram, and was beginning to speak, when the captain interrupted him in the calm tone of one having authority:

"Look at the thing squarely, boys; what's the use of your killing me? Sooner or later you'll get hung for it, and it's a very unpleasant thing, I can assure you, hanging." As the captain spoke, he placed his unoccupied hand loosely on his throat, and pressed it gently backward. Pete and Hiram shuddered a little as he did so. "Well, what's the good of ending your lives that way, eh? But I'm doing a little speculative business on these lakes, where I want just such a couple of men as you two—men that'll do as they're told in a matter of business and ask no squeamish questions. If you care to help me in this business, stop and make your fortunes; if you don't, you can go back to Milwaukee with the tug."

"You speak fair enough," said Pete dubitatively; "but you know, cap'n, you ain't a man to be trusted. I owe you one already for stealing my silver."

"Very little silver," the captain answered, with a wave of the hand and a graceful smile. "Bonds, United States bonds and greenbacks most of it, converted beforehand for easier conveyance by horseback. These, however, are business details which needn't stand in the way between you and me, partner. I always was straightforward in all my dealings, and I'll come to the point at once, so that you can know whether you'll help me or not."

"This scow's plugged at bottom. My intention is, first, to part the rope that ties us to the tug; next, to transfer the cargo by night to a small shanty I've got on Manitoulin Island; and then to pull the plugs and sink the scow on Manitoulin rocks. That way I get insurance for the cargo and scow, and carry on the grain in the slack season. If you consent to help me unload, and sink the ship, you shall have half profits between you; if you don't, you can go back to Milwaukee like a couple of fools, and I'll put into port again to get a couple of pluckier fellows. You say you'll go. Very well, I'll treat you fairly."

As soon as they were well outside Milwaukee Harbour, the tug dragged them into the open lake, all unconscious of the strange scene that had passed on the deck so close to her; and the oddly mated crew made its way, practically alone, down the busy waters of Lake Michigan.

Captain Pierpoint certainly didn't spend a comfortable time during his voyage down the lake, or through the Straits of Mackinaw. To say the truth, he could hardly sleep at all, and he was very fagged and weary when they arrived at Manitoulin Island. But Pete and Hiram, though they had many chances of talking together, could not see their way to kill him in safety; and Hiram at least, in his own mind, had come to the conclusion that it was better to make a little money than to risk one's neck for a foolish revenge.

So in the dead of night, on the second day out, when a rough wind had risen from the north, and a fog had come over them, the captain quietly began to cut away at the rope that tied them to the tug. He cut the rope all round, leaving a sound core in the centre; and when the next gust of wind came the rope strained and parted quite naturally, so that the people on the tug never suspected the genuineness of the transaction.

They looked about in the fog and storm for the scow, but of course they couldn't find her, for Captain Pierpoint, who knew his ground well, had driven her straight ashore before the wind, and beached her on a small shelving cove on Manitoulin Island. There they found five men waiting for them, who helped unload the cargo with startling rapidity, for it was all arranged in sacks, not in bulk, and a high slide fixed on the gangway enabled them to slip it quickly down into an underground granary excavated below the level of the beach. After unloading, they made their way down before the breeze towards the jagged rocks of Manitoulin.

It was eleven o'clock on a stormy moonlight night when the scow arrived off the jutting point of the great black squall," as they call it on the lakes, was n from the Sault Ste. Marie. The scow drove up, under very little canvas, and the boat was lowered, "in case," the captain said humorously, "lent." Close to the end of the point the captain

ordered Pete and Hiram down into the hold. He had shown them beforehand the way to draw the plugs, and had explained that the water would rise very slowly, and they would have plenty of time to get up the companion-ladder long before there was a foot deep of water in the hold.

As the two miners went down into the hold, Captain Pierpoint drew quietly from his pocket a large hammer and a packet of five-inch nails. They were good stout nails, and would resist a considerable pressure. He looked carefully down into the hold, and saw the two men draw the first plug. One after another he watched them till the fourth was drawn, and then he turned away and took one of the nails firmly between his thumb and forefinger.

Next week everybody at Sarnia was grieved to hear that another of Captain Pierpoint's vessels had gone down off Manitoulin Point in that dreadful black squall on Thursday evening. Both the sailors on board had been drowned, but the captain himself had managed to make good his escape in the jolly boat. He would be a heavy loser, it was understood, on the value of the cargo, for insurance never covers the loss of grain. Still, it was a fortunate thing that such a delightful man as the captain had not perished in the foundering of the *Fortuna*.

CHAPTER III.

SOMEHOW, after that wreck, Captain Pierpoint never cared for the water again. His nerves were shattered, he said, and he couldn't stand danger as he used to do when he was younger and stronger. So he went on the lake no more, and confined his attention more strictly to the "futures" business. He was a thriving and prosperous person, in spite of his losses; and the underwriters had begun to look a little askance at his insurance even before this late foundering case. Some whispered ominously in underwriting circles that they had their doubts about the *Fortuna*.

One summer, a few years later, the water on Lake Huron sank lower than it had ever been known to sink before. Captain Pierpoint had suffered much from sleeplessness, combined with Canadian ague, for some years past, but this particular summer his mind was very evidently much troubled. For some unaccountable reason, he watched the falling of the river with the intensest anxiety, and after it had passed a certain point, his interest in the question became painfully keen. Though the fever and the ague gained upon him from day to day, and his doctor counselled perfect quiet, he was perpetually consulting charts, and making measurements of the configuration which the coast had now reached, especially at the upper end of Lake Huron.

At last his mind seemed to give way, and, weak and feverish as he was, he insisted, the first time for many seasons, that he must take a trip upon the water. Remonstrance was quite useless; he would go on the lake again, he said, if it killed him. So he hired one of the little steam pleasure yachts which are always to let in numbers at Detroit, and started with his wife and her brother, a young surgeon, for a month's cruise into Lake Superior.

As the yacht neared Manitoulin Island, Captain Pierpoint insisted on being brought up on deck in a chair—he was too ill to stand—and swept all the coast with his binocular. Close to the point, a flat-topped object lay mouldering in the sun, half out of water, on the shoals by the bank.

"What is it, Ernest?" asked the captain, trembling, of his brother-in-law.

"A wreck, I should say," the brother-in-law answered carelessly. "By Jove, now I look at it with the glass, I can read the name, '*Fortuna*, Sarnia.'"

Captain Pierpoint seized the glass with a shaking hand, and read the name on the stern himself, in a dazed fashion. "Take me downstairs," he said feebly, "and let me die quietly; and for Heaven's sake, Ernest, never let her know about it all."

They took him downstairs into the little cabin, and gave him quinine; but he called for brandy. They let him have it, and he drank a glassful. Then he lay down, and the shivering seized him; and with his wife's hand in his, he died that night in raving delirium, about eleven. A black squall was blowing down from the Sault Ste. Marie; and they lay at anchor out in the lake, tossing and pitching, opposite the green mouldering hull of the *Fortuna*.

They took him back and buried him at Sarnia; and all the world went to attend his funeral, as of a man who died justly respected for his wealth and other socially admired qualities. But the brother-in-law knew there was a mystery somewhere in the wreck of the *Fortuna*; and as soon as the funeral was over, he went back with the yacht, and took its skipper with him to examine the stranded vessel.

When they came to look at the bottom they found eight holes in it. Six of them were wide open, one was still plugged, and the remaining one had the plug pulled half out, inward, as if the persons who were pulling it had abandoned the attempt for the fear of the rising water. That was bad enough, and they did not wonder that Captain Pierpoint had shrunk in horror from the revealing of the secret of the *Fortuna*.

But when they scrambled on the deck they discovered another fact which gave a more terrible meaning to the dead man's tragedy. The covering of the hatchway by the companion-ladder was battened down and nailed from the side with five-inch nails. The skipper loosened the rusty iron with his knife, and after a while they lifted the lid off and descended carefully into the empty hold below.

As they suspected, there was no damaged grain in it; but at the foot of the companion-ladder, left behind by the retreating water, two half-cleaned skeletons in sailor clothes lay huddled together on the floor. That was all that remained of Pete and Hiram. Evidently the captain had nailed the hatch down on top of them, and left them there, terror-stricken, to drown as the water rushed in and rose around them.

For awhile the skipper and the brother-in-law kept the dead man's secret; but they did not try to destroy or conceal the proofs of his guilt, and in time others visited the wreck, till bit by bit the horrible story leaked out in its entirety. Nowadays, as you pass the Great Manitoulin Island, every sailor on the lake route is ready to tell you this strange and ghastly yarn of the foundering of the *Fortuna*.

HOW SMOKING IS SPREADING WITH THE FAIR SEX.

For recent years several clubs have been started in London or lately for ladies. Some have smoking-rooms, and some have not, and the great question now arises, shall all ladies' clubs be provided with a room set apart for the smoking of cigarettes?

To gain some idea as to the hold tobacco has taken upon the fair sex, a P. W. representative called upon a West-end tobacconist, who gave the following views on the subject:

"There is no doubt that smoking amongst women is on the increase. A cigarette is the most popular form, though when out walking in a London suburb the other night I saw, for the first time in my life, a woman puffing away at a cigar. It is a fact also that at a certain club devoted to social reforms, more than one woman may be seen indulging in a Havana."

"I supply several titled ladies regularly with cigarettes—generally in boxes of a hundred at a time. Judging from their orders these generally last them about a month, though there is one well-known lady to whom I send four boxes on the first of every month."

"Very few ladies come personally for their cigarettes; they are either sent by post or are purchased by a male relative. However, I keep a special ladies' cigarette, and can therefore gauge the extent to which ladies indulge in smoking."

"You may be surprised to learn that the greatest smokers are servant girls. Some of them consume almost as much tobacco as men—of course in the seclusion of their bedrooms. I don't supply members of the Royal family myself, but I know that there is more than one British Princess who is partial to a cigarette."

"Very few ladies smoke after a dinner-party. It is done chiefly in private, but it is a fact that there are some ladies who hold small smoking parties in their boudoirs to which no men are ever admitted."

THE DUKE'S REVENGE.

A DARK, handsome gentleman, with a foreign air, stepped into the telegraph office in the Chicago Exhibition grounds and asked courteously:

"Is this the office of the telegraph, señor?"

"It ain't anything else," carelessly replied the operator, one of those choice essences of Chicago whose only perfume is crudity.

"I would send a telegram," said the stranger quietly.

"Would you?" drawled the operator; "well, why don't you send it?"

The visitor's heavy eyebrows raised, but he said quietly: "How many of the words have I permit to send for twenty-five of the cents?"

"Ten," snapped the operator shortly.

"Only so few as ten?" asked the stranger. "They give twelve to twenty abroad, señor."

"Ten words for a quarter, or she don't go," snarled the operator. "How much do you want for twenty-five cents?"

The visitor's dark eyes gleamed dangerously, and his firm lips closed.

"I send but ten of the words for the money then, señor?"

"Yes."

"And the name, does it go free, señor?"

"Yes."

A strange smile chased itself round the corners of the haughty mouth, and, picking up a pen, the stranger quietly wrote:

"His Honour, the Mayor of Columbus, Ohio. I will visit your city en route to New York.—Christobal Colon de Toledo y Larreatagui, de la Corda Ramirez, ne Baquedana y Gante, Vice-Admiral Adelantado, Mayor de las Indias, Marquis de Jamaica, Duke de Veragua y de la Vega, Grande de la Spain, Senatoria de la Kingdom, Caballero de la Insigne Orden del Toison de Oro, Grand Cruz de Carlos III., Grand Cruz de la Concepcion de Villaviciosa, Gentil Hombre de Camara de King Alfonso XIII."

The operator took one wild look at the message—then he fainted dead away. The stranger was the Duke de Veragua.

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QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

1684. Why do Short-Sighted People Screw up their Eyelids when Looking at Distant Objects?

The muscles of the crystalline lens in an ordinary eye adjust the shape of the lens so as to make the images of objects at all distances fall on the retina. In the short-sighted eye the perfect image is formed in front of the retina and a blurred image consequently on the retina itself. On screwing up the eyelids the crystalline lens is compressed and its focal length is increased so that a clear image falls on the retina. A similar effect can be produced by judiciously pressing the eye with two fingers, as short-sighted people can easily verify. Some physiologists also say that screwing up the eyelids causes the tear-fluid to form a second (concave) lens over the crystalline lens and so corrects its fault.

1685. Which Conspicuous Act of Benevolence has had the Most Mischievous Results in Practice?

The emancipation of the slaves in the English colonies in 1834. The mischief produced by this great act of benevolence and justice is conspicuously seen in the recent history of Jamaica. Emancipation led to confusion and lawlessness. The blacks were unfit to exercise their newly-acquired power, and they attempted to carry into effect acts of confiscation of the most monstrous kind. The disorder culminated in the rebellion and massacre of 1865. Freedom released the blacks from the necessity of leading an industrious life, and they sank into idleness and sloth. Measuring the activity of the people by their production of sugar, their chief staple, we find that early in the century the yield amounted to an average of 144,000 hogheads per annum. During the eight years preceding 1838 the island produced only 80,000 hogheads a year, and the first four years of complete liberty (1839-1842) show a fall down to 42,000. It is difficult to believe that benevolence can be permanently injurious, and it is therefore satisfactory to know that since 1865 the state of Jamaica has improved, and at the present time the condition of its people is decidedly hopeful.

1682. Of what Disease do Insane People mostly Die?

The particular disease from which most insane people die is a wasting of the substance of the brain, called atrophy of the brain. When the mind is unsound the brain must be unsound. The exact pathology of the many forms of brain disease which make people insane has not yet been ascertained, but in eighty or ninety per cent. of the cases that die some abnormality can be discovered. The death-rate amongst the insane is nearly 100 per 1,000, or about five times the death-rate of ordinary humanity. Insanity is recognised as a brain disease, from which people may die as from other diseases. It is, again, so complicated by paralysis, epilepsy, and tendency to suicide that it is fatal not only in itself but as a prolific predisposing cause to other equally fatal maladies.

1681. Which Air-Breathing Animals can Do Longest Without Air?

Among mammals, whales and porpoises. These are not fish, as so many suppose, but air-breathing, warm-blooded mammals which must periodically come to the surface to breathe. Some species can remain under water for upwards of half an hour. It is, however, among the lowest air-breathing animals that the capacity for dispensing with air is most noticeable. Frogs and newts can remain for hours under water, their lungs resting, while their blood is purified by the water in contact with the skin. The snapper turtle, an air-breathing reptile, sometimes rests motionless under water for days. Better able even than these to do without breathing are the Dipnoi or double-breathing fishes, an old world

family, only one or two species of which linger on in out-of-the-way corners of the earth. The best known of these is the Queensland mud fish, or *Ceratodus*. It lives in rivers liable to be almost dried up, and when the waters are thick and muddy or impure it is an air-breather, using the swim bladder as a true lung, while, when the water is pure, it uses gills like an ordinary fish. It must be admitted to be an air-breathing animal, but it may spend its life without breathing at all.

1683. Are any Aquatic Birds Capable of Swimming, as Distinguished from mere Diving, under Water?

There are plenty of divers, but the swimmers are somewhat rare. Perhaps there is no bird which excels the northern diver in its subaqueous powers, although the penguins, auks, and cormorants, are equally notable in that respect. Its broad webbed feet are set so very far back that the bird cannot walk properly, but tumbles and scrambles along much after the fashion of the seal, pushing itself with its feet, and scraping its breast on the ground. In the water, however, it is quite at its ease, and, like the seal, no sooner reaches the familiar element, than it dives away at full speed, twisting and turning under the surface as if in the exuberance of spirits. So swiftly can it glide through the water, that it can chase and capture the most agile fish in their own element. The Chinese turn its powers to good account by training it to literally hunt fish under water, putting a ring round its neck to prevent its swallowing its prey. The name of this bird would seem to be misleading. Undoubtedly, with such subaqueous qualities, we must say that the bird is more than a diver; and the skill with which it can glide through the water, aided by its feet, twisting, turning, rising, and falling as the fish it is following alters its course, is more than diving. It must be called swimming. We can, perhaps, scarcely say so much of the penguins and cormorants, although they have great skill under the water.

1684. Is there any Fish absolutely confined to One Small Area in Britain?

Yes. There are certainly three, and perhaps four, instances of this curious isolation in the British Islands. First, there is the Vendace (*Coregonus vandesius*) which is only found in the Mill and Castle Lochs at Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, the introduction of which legend ascribes to Mary Queen of Scots. It is supposed to have been brought from La Vendée, hence the name, but against this stands the fact that all attempts to get it to propagate elsewhere than in these two lochs have totally failed. The second is the case of the Loch Leven trout, which is confined to a small lake of about seven square miles. Third comes the Windermere Char (*Salmo Wiloughbi*), which is only found in Lake Windermere, though there is something very like it in Loch Bruich, in Scotland. Lastly, it is said that the variety of salmon found in Lough Melvin, in Ireland, is not to be met with anywhere else.

1685. How much Truth is there in the Saying, "Electricity is Life?"

Electricity is life to this extent, that life is nowhere found without it. It surrounds the earth, and is in every part of it and in everything on it. The particular kind of electricity which is found in human beings and in animals and in plants is called vital electricity, and consists of various currents always moving from part to part of the body. Everyone is an electrical machine with currents at various tensions, and it is well known that electricity is of the greatest use in illness, and is likely to become more so as it is better understood. M. Audrand relates a very remarkable fact, apparently showing the close connection between health and electricity. During the cholera epidemic in Paris in 1849 it was impossible to obtain from the electrical machine anything but slight cracklings without sparks. On June 7th it was quite dumb. On the 9th, however, the least touch elicited lively sparks. Now it is very singular that in the six days after June 8th the mortality regularly fell from 667 to 355. This becomes more striking still when we remember that doctors have often pointed out the fact that persons attacked by the cholera lose the

greater part of the electricity in their bodies very rapidly. A scientific writer on the question given above says "Electricity is far from being the whole of life; it cannot even be regarded as one of the elements of life, or be compared, for instance, to nerve-force. Indeed, such a comparison contradicts the truth. The peculiar sign of the vital forces and of vital unity is organisation, but electricity has no causal relation with organisation. That is the work of some higher activity, which, taking to itself all the forces of Nature and fixing them into special conditions, compels their services for the purposes of life."

1687. What is the Historical Origin of the Musical Syllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, So, La, Si?

The use of syllables as a method of musical nomenclature originated, so far as the first six are concerned, in the eleventh century with Guido, of Arezzo, who substituted his hexachord system for the old Greek tetrachord. Observing in the melody of an ancient hymn for the Festival of St. John the Baptist, beginning

*Ut queant laxis Resonare fibris
Mira gestorum Famuli tuorum
Solve polluti Labii reatum
Sancte Ioannes,*

that the notes on which the successive phrases began were identical in order with the sounds of the hexachord, he adopted the syllables to which they were allied in the above stanza as names to represent the degrees of his new scale. Afterwards, early in the seventeenth century, when the octave was completed by the seventh, or "leading note," the syllable Si, formed of the initials of the words *Sancte Ioannes*, was added; while Do gradually took the place of Ut, as being more easily sung. The art of thus illustrating the construction of the musical scale by the use of syllables is now generally known as Solmisiation.

1689. Of what Historical Character have Historians taken most Contradictory Views?

Cranmer, Mary Queen of Scots, or Cromwell. It is difficult to decide which of these characters stand first in this respect. Of Cranmer, Hallam says that few men have been represented in more opposite lights. His conduct has been the subject of most exalted panegyrics by Protestants, while in the estimation of writers like Bossuet he is set forth as the most abandoned of time-serving hypocrites. Others place him in a middle position, far from deserving the execration heaped on him by his enemies, yet not entitling him to any extraordinary veneration. The character of Mary Stuart may be said to be a classic subject of historical controversy. The interest attaching to her person and sufferings has made her character a favourite study with historians, and the most divergent views are still put forth and stoutly defended regarding her. By one side she is represented as a treacherous schemer, insincere and crafty, who, from the first, aimed at the overthrow of Elizabeth's rule, and was pledged to the reintroduction of Roman Catholicism by any and every means in her power. Dr. Skelton, her latest apologist, still thinks it possible to successfully vindicate her conduct, and claims to have finally disposed of the casest letters as not genuine. Mr. Froude, the leader of those who hold a contrary opinion, is still unconvinced, and the controversy seems just as far from a final conclusion as ever. All the estimates formed of Cromwell agree that he was a strong man, but there the agreement ends. He is pictured as an ambitious fanatical hypocrite who resorted to every species of intrigue, violence, and treason to gratify his inordinate love of power. Another view allows he was at first sincere but was led step by step into a position which compelled him to put Charles to death and necessitated subsequent usurpations to re-train the factions which he had himself called into existence. Others, like Carlyle, recognise in him a born king, the one man indispensable to the times in which he lived. They scout the charge of hypocrisy preferred against him by Hume; they declare his ambition to have been altogether laudable, and say there is no substantiation of the charges of duplicity and deceit levelled against him.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

1691. Does any other animal than man retain affection for its offspring after the offspring reaches maturity?
1692. Do statistics go to show that in civilised countries there is a reasonable amount of truth in the saying, "Murder will out?"
1693. How many British trades are occupied in producing pure luxuries?
1694. Why does a change of wind "against the sun" so frequently result in stormy weather?
1695. Which British colony or possession most nearly resembles the mother country in climate, configuration, or both?
1696. Why does an attack of some diseases confer immunity from future attacks?
1697. Are gambling debts anywhere recoverable by law?
1698. Does any crop leave the soil richer than it found it?
1699. Is it true that birds are, bulk for bulk, lighter than other animals?
1700. Which creature exhibits the most extraordinary qualities of strength and endurance?

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RICHARD J. PAULL, General M.

If, as wise men have said, music is the only one of the arts that does not corrupt the mind, then music and "Society News" are very near re

MY LOVE AND I.

THE rippling waters kissed the stones,
The fleecy cloudlets kissed the sky;
The grey doves kissed with mellow moans,
And we kissed, too, my love and I.
Warm kisses sweet
We oft repeat;
Again, again, our kisses meet,
With murmurs low
That lovers know
We kissed each other, sweet and low.

The sunbeams kissed the glancing stream
Where breezes, kissing, murmured by;
The green leaves kissed above the gleam,
And we kissed, too, my love and I.
No sound, no fear,
Disturbing here
Our liping soft in kisses dear.
The laughing breeze
Among the trees
Tells naught of kisses that he sees.

The flowers kissed where shadows lay
Of song-birds, kissing, tree-tops high;
The green moss kissed the rock's lip grey,
And we kissed, too, my love and I.
In kisses long,
A lover's song
The swift hours sped in rapture strong.
In sweetest way
Love lights the day
Spent with my smoke-browned long-stemmed clay.

MISTAKEN.

THE Viscountess Sherbrooke, the wife of the late Robert Lowe, the well-known statesman, was a woman of strong character, and she challenged criticism in that she was in the habit of saying whatever came into her mind at the moment.

She had sense and courage, a heart and a head, and she bore a large part in her husband's public life.

One repartee ascribed to her shows that she was at least ready with loyalty of speech. The French ambassador one day said to her somewhat patronisingly:

"You know England is said to be a land of shopkeepers. I had no idea of finding there such great military displays."

"Ah," she replied, "the people of different countries do not understand each other. Now, I have actually been under the impression that the French were a great military nation!"

HOW WOLVES ARE HUNTED.

SOMEHOW one always associates wolves with Russia even more than bears. When you first go there with your stock of ignorance, you expect to be chased by packs of them in your drives almost into the very capital, and to have to sacrifice your coachman and your lady's maid in order to save your life.

But it turns out that most of the chasing is the other way about. Russian sportsmen do a great deal in the way of wolf-hunting, probably almost to the same extent that English sportsmen do in the way of fox-hunting, and a small army of persons are constantly employed in the pursuit of wolves for the sake of their skins, which are a valuable marketable commodity.

In the south of Russia wolves are hunted according to English ideas, on horseback with a pack of hounds. Elsewhere a sledge will be driven across the country, carrying a sucking pig squealing in a bag. This attracts the wolves, and they are shot as soon as they show their faces. Or battues are organised, the sportsmen going on foot with a number of dogs, and as many as from eighty to a hundred beaters. Servants are as plentiful as blackberries in Russia, so there is no difficulty in obtaining as many of them as one wants for such an expedition at 8d. or 1s. a day.

The common practice is to invite the wolves to dinner by killing an old horse or two and leaving their bodies under a tree. The wolves are not slow to accept the invitation, and you soon get wind of their presence. When they have eaten their fill they retire into the neighbouring thickets, and wait about in expectation of further hospitality.

Then the process is to surround them, and send for sportsmen, as in the case of bears. The beaters slowly and silently stalk round, gradually decreasing the size of their circle. A signal is given, and they rush in, yelling at the top of their voices to drive out their victims. The noise is sufficient to alarm a creature of even stronger nerves than a wolf. Shrieks of the wildest kind, rattles, old iron pots and pans beaten together, every conceivable hullabaloo sounds through the forest.

As soon as the battue is over, and the wolves have been killed or have escaped, the beaters gather round and dance a wild dance round the bodies of the reparatory to receiving the reward of their services shape of rye, brandy, and kopecks.

As I can make out, the peasants get most of the and the sportsmen have to be content with coming in death as executioners.

NOTHING COMMON.

NOT long since one of our millionairesses, becoming dissatisfied with the manner in which her dresses were made, informed that long-suffering creature, her dress-maker, that she intended to bring an action against her for damages.

Full of this determination, she sought one learned in the law, and laid her grievances before him. After hearing her to the end, he elaborately explained to her what could and what could not be done in the case. Not content with what she heard, Mrs. Croesus insisted that in her case a point must be stretched to suit her wishes; whereupon the impatient counsellor exclaimed:

"Merciful powers, madam, have you no common sense?"

"No, sir," replied the irate female; "I'd have you know there's nothing common about me. Everything I have is the most expensive to be found, and—thank goodness, I have the money to pay for it too—so there!"

THE WORLD'S BEST OYSTERS.

If I have a deep and lasting affection for anything in this world, it is for oysters. Wherever I go, one of the first inquiries I make is as to the oyster supply. If that is all right, I can look at the rest of things through rosy spectacles.

The chosen paradise of the oyster-eater is the north island of New Zealand, for there the oysters are not only delicious but ridiculously cheap. Along the seashore in the lonely sheltered friths and inlets about Auckland, every rock consists of a mass of oysters clustered together in a wonderful manner, but easily detached and opened, when you know how.

The best oyster-opening machine is a Maori girl with a bradawl. The Auckland rock oysters have long, deep, ragged shells; but the oysters themselves are very small, plump, and beautifully shaped, very sweet, and not at all coppery or watery. If you want to get them in perfection, however, you should sail down to the Island of Waiheke, in the Frith of Thames, fifteen miles from Auckland, a veritable fairyland.

Have your fairy on hand with her bradawl; pick out a rock just awash at high tide; sit under a tree-fern, or in the shade of the sail of your boat; swallow the oysters alive as they come from the nymph's deft hands in their pearly, cup-like shell; give each just one bite, to bring out all the flavour, as it goes down, and offer up prayers of praise to the Giver of all good things.

I am quite safe in saying that the biggest edible oysters in the world are found at Port Lincoln, in South Australia. They are as large as a dinner plate, and the same shape. I have seen them more than a foot across the shell, and as the oyster fits his shell so well he does not leave much margin.

It is a new sensation, when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide, to have one oyster set before you fried in butter or egg and bread-crumbs. But it is a very pleasant sensation, for the flavour and delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoths are proverbial in that land of luxuries. I mean, when they are cooked. Many people eat them raw, cutting off pieces with a knife and fork. I draw the line there.

CUMSO: "Doctors seem to drink a good deal as a class."

Banks: "Yes, but they can hardly help it. They have to treat people all the time, you know."

UNSENTIMENTAL.—Mr. Poeticus (entering cheerfully): "My love is like the red, red rose!"

Mrs. Poeticus (looking up from the stove): "You'd look red, too, you lazy scribbler, if you'd been bending over a fryingpan for twenty minutes."

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.—Young Lady: "I should like to embroider a nice pair of slippers as a Christmas present for my aunt."

Shopman: "We happen to be quite out of new patterns just now. Wouldn't something else do as well?"

Young Lady: "Perhaps a cigar case."

WHATEVER may be the result of the long discussion as to the comparative mental capacity of men and women there is no doubt that some things are most readily apprehended by the feminine mind.

Little Boy: "What's all those women here for?"

Little Girl: "They've been upstairs to see the baby."

Little Boy: "Babies is plenty enough."

Little Girl: "Yes; but this is a real new one, an' I 'spect they want to see the style."

A FUNNY story is told of a servant-girl brought to Jervis Street Hospital, suffering from the effects of an over-dose of poison. When questioned as to her motive for taking it, she replied:

"I wasn't feeling well, and I went to my mistress's medicine-chest. This bottle was marked, 'Three drops for an infant, six for an adult, and a tablespoonful for an emetic.' I knew I wasn't an infant—I wasn't sure about an adult—so shure I thought I must be the emetic, and I took the spoonful."

THE FORGER'S FOE.

A MAN of the keenest perception and infinitive resource is the best description I can give of Mr. T. H. Gurrin in his capacity of hand-writing expert to the Treasury and the public in general. The detection of forgers being not the least fascinating of subjects I interviewed Mr. Gurrin at his office on the Holborn Viaduct the other day.

"Yours must be one of the most arduous professions," I remarked by way of starting conversation.

"On the contrary," said Mr. Gurrin with alacrity, "you would be surprised at the extreme feebleness of resource of the average forger. There is very little that is original about him, and he is comparatively easily caught. To become an expert one must possess, I suppose, peculiar powers of observation and the capacity of taking pains. It is also necessary to remember that neither a man nor a woman ever writes twice alike; even a man's signature differs every time he writes it. There is, however, a remarkable similarity of writing in some families, but an expert can always see the difference at a glance."

"The anonymous letter-writer—the blackmailer, in other words—is the easiest forger to detect. His methods vary; usually he affects a back-handed or vertical style, or a style in which he considers he has divested his hand of every clue to detection, and this he will frequently supplement by further efforts at disguise which generally supply the required clue. There are, of course, notable exceptions. I once had to deal with a man who copied an entire letter in such skilful fashion that the writer of the original could not be convinced that it was not his own work, though he could not remember having penned it. This man could copy anyone's writing to perfection, but there was one feature about it that would always leave him an easy prey to a skilled expert."

"The smartest forger I ever had to cope with was Moreland, the Oxford tutor, who is now undergoing a term of ten years' imprisonment. He could write eight different hands—feminine as well as masculine—and every letter was most beautifully formed."

"Whilst he was engaged in blackmailing he wrote his letters in these various handwritings, in order, of course, to prevent the letters being associated one with the other. I was not to be hoodwinked, however. I was convinced they were the work of one man, and Moreland pleaded guilty in the end."

"Nowadays, the camera, the magnifying glass, and the microscope play a most important part in the detection of forgeries, and there is very little indeed that escapes them. I will give you an instance as to how these instruments are brought into requisition. Sometime ago two letters in a lady's hand were brought to me for examination; one was large writing, the other very minute, and a casual observer would have pronounced the penmanship entirely different. Well, by the aid of the magnifying glass I was enabled to enlarge the smaller hand-writing to the size of the larger, the result at once revealed to me the fact that the two letters were penned by the same hand."

"Photography, too, is of the greatest possible use, as the lens will bring out things which are absolutely invisible to the naked eye. By this process, too, the writing under inspection can be enlarged to any size. It is simply necessary to secure the negative, throw the image from the negative on to a screen in a dark room, and then a few seconds' exposure of this image on sensitive paper will give you the object magnified to any degree required."

"During the course of a single year I have hundreds of letters and documents brought to me for examination, and although annually I pronounce scores upon scores to be forgeries, I can truthfully say that my verdict has seldom been disputed."

"A difficult case is that in which a clerk makes a bill of exchange with the intention of altering the amounts after his employer has put his signature to it. He, of course, leaves plenty of space for the alteration and addition of figures, thereby causing no little confusion to those who are called in to express an opinion as to whether the bill has been tampered with or not."

"I have had some strange cases to deal with since I began practising. A number of abusive letters alleged to have been sent to a certain gentleman were once brought to me, with the request that I would find out the author of them. In a very little time I had collected abundant evidence to prove that the epistles in question were written by the very man to whom they were addressed. What he did it for I cannot say."

"That a man can be taught to become an expert in handwriting I do not believe; at any rate, there is no denying that he must have some of the faculty born in him. With regard to myself, I first took it up as a hobby which later on developed into a profession."

MUSICAL LADY: "Wouldn't you like to be able to sing and play, my little man?"

Johnny: "Naw. I wouldn't like to have folks say such mean things about me as they do about you."

AN ARTLESS INQUIRY.—Miss Smudge: "Still painting, Mr. Okie?"

Okie: "Oh, yes; hard at work on my last thing, 'The Deluge'!"

Miss Smudge: "Is it—er—to be life-size, sir?"

SOMETHING NEW AND
STRANGE.

IN Sydney there is a post-office clock which emits an electric flash light every hour for the benefit of those living or travelling at a distance that is out of range of the ordinary chimera.

THE longest photograph in the world has been produced by a Russian gentleman named Piasetsky. It consists of a series of views of the Transcasian Railway, from Caspian to Samarkand, and is 164 yards in length.

ALLIGATOR'S eggs are now being hatched by incubators in Florida. The demand for the reptiles is considerably in excess of the supply, so that about half the population of the villages find it a lucrative employment to explore the shores of the swamps for eggs to be incubated.

AT Dark Canyon, about three miles from Eddy, New Mexico, a queer sort of phenomenon has been discovered in the shape of a number of natural water pipes running underneath the earth, made by the deposit of lime from the water. The ground for miles round is honeycombed with these drains of Nature.

THE firemen of Boston, U.S.A., are supplied with bicycles. Each machine is fitted with a small tank containing a chemical extinguisher, with a pump and a fire-axe. The devastating powers of the two gallons of liquid carried is equal to a dozen pails of water, and the apparatus, including everything but the man who works it, turns the scale at sixty pounds.

FOR the benefit of those who cannot afford the time or the money to spend a holiday at Monaco with a view to breaking the bank there, Mr. A. T. Smith, of 3, Stanfield Road, Bow, London, has produced a game which he has called "Monte Carlo at Home," and which embraces on a smaller scale all the features and excitement of the original game. It is sold at three shillings, carriage paid.

"NOSTAL POWDER" is a weird sort of preparation sent me by Messrs. Luty and Watson, of West Hartlepool. It is an entirely fresh discovery, and when mixed with ordinary lamp oil has the effect of purifying it, causing it to give a brighter light, "free from smell, free from smoke, free from danger, and free from everything objectionable." The proprietors charge twopenny a box for it.

THE problem of aerial navigation, so far as motive power is concerned, has at last been solved. A Yankee doctor living down in Virginia has succeeded in training a flock of geese to draw him about in a small balloon. He has only just started to experimentise, but even at this embryonic stage the apparatus moves at the rate of a mile and a quarter a minute, at least that is what he says—he is an American.

THE vowels a, e, i, o, u have actually been photographed while issuing from the lips of a human being. The letters are spoken into a phonograph, which reproduces them slowly and with precision, and the vibrations are recorded by a microphone. A ray of light reflected from a small mirror in the vibrating drum records the vibrations of the sounds, and these are then impressed on a travelling band of sensitized paper.

AMERICANS who have been familiarly treated by the mosquito will have no compunction about availing themselves of an ingenious invention for the extermination of the pests. A thin, gauze-like wire netting is hung over and around the bed and connected with a battery. You sit inside this cage with a lighted candle, and just wait until the Jersey works come along and look hungrily at you through the meshes. Then you push a button, and the electricity does the rest.

THE heat of the orthodox ball-room is notorious. It has always been a tremendous difficulty to keep the temperature down to a comfortable figure, and the conservatory and balcony are, in consequence, responsible for a fair percentage of colds. This season, however, we are to have incandescent lamps frozen into large and elegant blocks of solid ice, and these will serve the double purpose of giving forth coolness and rendering the soft light that is so desirable at a gathering of this sort.

THE municipal authorities of Leipzig, Saxony, have enforced an excellent law with regard to the fires that occur in that city. When there is occasion to call out the fire brigade the expenses are covered by assessment upon the owner of the house in which the flare-up originated. As the cost is never very trivial the people of Leipzig are getting extraordinarily careful about their household lighting and heating arrangements, with the pleasing result that they enjoy the distinction of having had fewer fires, since the enforcement of this rule, than any other town in Germany.

THE difficulty of photographing the camp of an enemy without exposing the lives of men by ascending in a balloon has been overcome, and by an Englishman. A parachute and small camera are encased in a rocket. The rocket is fired and bursts, and a powerful spring forces out the ribs of a parachute so that it hangs suspended in the air with the camera beneath it. The latter is fitted with an instantaneous shutter manipulated by clockwork so as to give several exposures at certain intervals. The operator can give a swinging motion to the camera, with the result that the land below can be taken from several different aspects.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS
OF MEN.

THE King of Greece speaks twelve languages.

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER is an ardent amateur photographer.

M. PADEREWSKI, the great pianist, thinks nothing of fifteen or sixteen hours' daily practice.

SIR EVELYN WOOD, although contrary to the Army regulations which he so rigidly enforces with others, is allowed to wear a beard, as he suffers from a peculiarly sensitive throat.

BY a curious coincidence the King and Queen of Portugal were both born on the same day, September 28th. His Majesty is two years older than his wife, the beautiful daughter of the Comte de Paris.

IT is not perhaps generally known that the Pope is also a poet. He will shortly publish a new edition of his Latin verses, together with two new poems. His Holiness is an extremely slow and careful writer, revising his work again and again, and putting it away for a time before making his final corrections.

THAT eminent actress, Sara Bernhardt, was touring in Brazil when the insurrection broke out and she obtained a near view of the bombardment of Rio. She informs an interviewer that "it was simply exquisite." This is much the sort of remark one would expect from a woman of the kind. Evidently the horrors of war have no terrors for her.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, talking about the days of long ago, when he was an actor receiving a salary of thirty shillings a week, said, "I chiefly remember one thing. The number of wet towels I placed on my head and the cups of tea I drank to enable me to learn my parts were very considerable." This is not to be wondered at considering that on one week he undertook a different rôle every night.

THE Kaiser seems to fancy himself as a tailor and habit-maker. Not content with designing a hunting costume for his wife, he has now originated a medieval get-up for his own wear. It is made of a bluish-grey waterproof cheviot, over which is hung a fur cloak of quite original shape. The hat is large and grey, adorned with a drooping feather, while enormous lacquered boots and a broad hunting-belt complete the costume.

MISS MAY YOH, now appearing in "Little Christopher Columbus," is of a superstitious turn of mind. She believes in black cats. Directly the run of a piece comes to an end the cat for the time being always dies or disappears. But this is not all. Before another play begins a new cat either strays into the house or is given apparently by chance to the charming little actress. She also owns a lucky yellow dress, which brings her prosperity whenever it is worn.

PRINCE RUPERT, heir to the throne of Bavaria, is somewhat inquisitive by nature, and wants to know a great deal which princes are not usually taught. He has a way of setting out on tours of discovery without letting his people know. Only the other day he disappeared from Munich, and was at last found busily engaged in studying the manufacture of champagne. He purposed pursuing this congenial subject in other parts, but his finders had peremptory orders to bring him back immediately.

JOHN HARBERTON, the author, is a serious-looking, genial-mannered man of fifty-one, with a drooping moustache, who passed from the American army into the editorial chair of THE CHRISTIAN UNION. This was in 1873. Three years later he joined the staff of THE NEW YORK HERALD, to which he is still editorially attached. In 1876 he published "Helen's Babies," the book which made his name, and of which he gives the following account:—"One rainy day, when my children were running the house to suit themselves, their mother being ill, I scribbled a record of their sayings and doings, and this, which forms less than a quarter of 'Helen's Babies,' is all the connection the story has with my family, and the remaining pages are adapted or imaginary." He has since written a score of other books.

HERE is a good story which has been going the rounds, concerning Admiral Avellan, of the Russian Fleet. Many years ago, while serving with the Baltic Squadron as a midshipman, Avellan's sympathy was excited for an ex-captain who had been degraded for some boyish frolic. He could only be restored to his former position by some great act of personal bravery or heroism; but no opportunity came in his way. Then Avellan devised a scheme.

"I," said he to his unfortunate friend, "will fall overboard when the weather is bad, and you shall rescue me." "But, my dear, good fellow," said the former captain, "I can't swim a stroke." "So much the better," answered Avellan, "your action will be all the more heroic. You see I can swim, and I will hold you up until they come to our rescue." The plot worked out admirably; the officer was, in due time, reinstated, and is now an admiral of the fleet.

CHARLES GOUNOD, the great composer, is a profoundly sympathetic-mannered man, with softly-smiling blue eyes and a full beard of old gold, copiously besmeared with grey, and is much addicted to a sealskin cap and huge fur collar. He is somewhat given to posing upon occasion, and there is just the slightest suspicion of affectation in his manner, but this dissolves on acquaintance, and he has a holy horror of anything cold and stiff. He is rising five-and-seventy, and of an intensely religious and sentimental turn of mind, and he is fond of sandwiching his talk with poetic metaphors. He lives, like Verdi, in complete seclusion, save when composing some opera or oratorio, when he hurries to the privacy of some old cathedral town, and hires a lodging in the very quietest corner, subsequently obtaining from the curé or chief priest an order to work in the cathedral, which permission is never refused; so that it is quite a common thing in the churches of Amiens or Rouen to see a big middle-aged man in the centre of the choir, and a white-headed old man flourishing his arms, pacing to and fro, occasionally penning notes with great haste. The old man is the author of "Faust"—for the time dead to the world, to men, to everything but music.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

IN a match some years ago at Newton Abbott, Devon, a player named Wakenam is said to have kicked 13 goals in as many attempts. The best performances recorded before this were those accomplished by Fawcett, of Manningham, who placed 10 goals from 11 tries, and S. Bruton, St. John's School, Leatherhead, who from 14 tries kicked 18 goals.

Wakenam, in spite of having lost his right hand, was said to be a very useful half-back. The match in which he performed the feat mentioned was Newton Rifles v. Holborn (Plymouth), the former winning by 14 goals and 2 tries to nil.

MR. G. BRANN has completed a most successful season at cricket, falling only a few runs short of the 1,000, with an average of 32.44 per innings. He has played for Sussex for several years, and has done many big things with the bat.

But he is even more famous as an Association football player, for he played for England against Scotland in 1886, and has upon several occasions since had a place in the international team. He is one of the fastest forwards playing, dribbles well, "centres" accurately, and is a good shot at goal. He is over six feet in height, and possesses great weight and dash. His clubs are the Old Brightonians and the Swifts.

C. M. WELLS, of Cambridge, is a great scholar as well as a great player of football, and is one of the most versatile of men. In his twenty-third year he played half-back for England against Scotland, achieved distinction at Lord's as the most deadly bowler of the victorious Cambridge eleven, and took a first-class in the classical tripos. He has recently been appointed to a mastership at Eton College.

At Dulwich College Wells usually played forward, and when he went up to Cambridge he first of all played in that position, but was brought out of the pack to fill a vacancy at back. Subsequently a half-back was badly wanted in the 'Varsity team, and Wells was the man selected. Later, he frequently played at centre three-quarter, and acquitted himself as well there as in every other position.

Wells is essentially a cool player. He is never flurried, and always does the right thing. His passing is well-timed and accurate, and in defence he has always been equal to the demands upon him.

No Association player has been more discussed this season than J. Southworth. For years the most brilliant player in the Blackburn Rover's team, he recently joined the Everton ranks. It is asserted that the inducement which brought about this change was greater than any ever offered to a professional football player before. So large a sum as £300 down is said to have been paid him, and he is supposed to draw a weekly salary in addition of several pounds. The actual figures are difficult to get at in such cases; but there is no doubt that Southworth's remuneration was a very handsome one.

Yet Everton probably thought they had their money's worth when their new champion helped the team to beat Sunderland, last year's League leaders, by seven goals to one.

Southworth stands pre-eminent as the greatest centre-forward of the time. The features of his play are the perfect command he has over the ball, notwithstanding the great pace at which he travels, and the absolute unselfishness and great accuracy with which he feeds his wings. He is an international, and a professional musician as well as a football player.

F. H. R. ALDERSON is one of the most prominent advocates of the four-three-quarter system amongst English Rugbyists. He has given it a four years' trial, and declares it to be better to play and better to watch.

Alderson's greatest fame has been gained as a centre three-quarter, but he first came out as a half-back, playing in that position at Durham School and Clare College, Cambridge. He was reserve half for the University, Mason Scott and W. R. M. Leake being the Blues. This was in 1886; but in the next season a place was found for him at wing three-quarter. In 1888 he for the first time took the position of centre, and in one memorable match against Newport, unbeaten that season till then, scored five tries. He afterwards played for the South, again for the North, and for the Rest of England against the champion county, Yorkshire.

It was not, however, until 1891, after he had been for some time resident in Durham, and had played for that county, that he was selected to represent England. He has played for England in each year since, but was not at his best last season. Alderson is head-master of Durham Grammar School, and is twenty-six years of age.

Football Players should also see Accident Insurance System on page 232.

£100 INSURANCE
FOR

FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomsoever the proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy be upon the person at the time of the accident. An accident must be given within three days, and death have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

Signed.....

Available until midnight, October 28th, 1893.

Buy "P.W." but don't grumble if you're not killed the first week.

THE OLD-WORLD'S FAIR.

IV.—THE LOAFER'S PARADISE.

ENOUGH of methodical descriptions. Let us walk aimlessly round the fair. That is the true way to see it, and will give us the best chance of surprises.

In various outskirts of the fair are to be seen prodigious collections of wooden trunks, abundant enough to undertake the removals of half the Empire. They are not mere packing-cases, by any means, but all have some pretension to adornment. There are rude floral designs that are very nearly artistic, straggling over brilliant backgrounds of green, or blue, or scarlet.

As far as I could make out, they are extensively purchased for the conveyance of goods bought at the fair. The more elaborate kinds, after being filled, are themselves carefully wrapped up, with the object of being sold at a profit when they reach their distant destination.

The wealth of timber in Russia is notorious, and the Russian peasant has long been accustomed to take the fullest advantage of it. Not only does he find inexhaustible supplies of fuel ready to hand, but he is always brought up to be a fairly expert carpenter and joiner. He can generally supply most of his material wants from the neighbouring forest, to which he always has access, and he can make you almost anything, from a spoon to a house, with the wood he has been brought up to handle. The marvellous rapidity with which Russian settlers run up wooden cottages has often been commented upon.

Here in the fair you will see endless examples of his skill as a carpenter, and he turns things out quite as cleverly as the pampered peasants of Switzerland do.

One of his favourite industries is the making of dougas. These are a peculiarly Russian institution, and you will scarcely see a harnessed horse in the whole Empire that does not peer out from under one. It is a high bow of semi-circular wood, which is affixed to the shafts in the neighbourhood of the horse's collar. Pieces of wood are bent by the action of steam in order to make them, and they are decorated according to the varied fancy of their makers.

Everybody who has turned over the leaves of any illustrated book about Russia is familiar with the appearance of the droshki and its douga. What the object of the douga is I have never made out, unless it be to avert the evil eye, like the little whirligigs and brass wind-mills on the cabs at Naples. Anyhow, it serves to give the conveyance a quaint, old-fangled look, instantly suggestive of Russia.

That and the costume of the driver, which I hope he may never be persuaded to exchange, have quite an old-world appearance. He wears a low-crowned top hat with very curly brim, like the mashers of the last century, and a sort of huge dressing-gown reaching down to his ankles and confined at the waist by a rough girdle. The garment is extensively padded, and has great voluminous folds which give the man's silhouette a grotesque appearance. Perched up on his little driver's seat, he reminds you of a very generously filled sack of wheat, and when he gets down, which is not often, you would vow that he had just stepped out of Noah's ark.

He is an amiable creature, intensely respectful and profusely grateful for an extra halfpenny. In most towns of Russia there are no fixed fares, and you must bargain with him before you start. In Nijni, however, there is a scale of charges during the fair time, but even then you will be thought an idiot if you do not bargain to be taken for less. You can go almost any distance for threepence.

These wooden manufactures are only one among a number of home industries in which the Russian peasantry are occupied. Whole villages devote themselves to one particular occupation of this sort in addition to their normal pursuit of agriculture.

One district will make furniture, another will dress sheepskins, another will make pottery or gingerbread, or saddles, or anything else that may come into your head. The specimens of this kind of manufacture at the Fair are among the most attractive to strangers by reason of their quaintness.

The brass-work is especially tempting. You can get really artistic incense-burners, dainty little lamps to hang before holy images, or tiny bronze crosses from Kiev, which are supposed to be of special virtue in the hour of death.

Then you may buy the holy images themselves, but you must be careful that they have not been turned out wholesale by a German firm, as many African idols are said to be by manufacturers in Birmingham. These icons are often studded with valuable stones. In the Cathedral at St. Petersburg they are adorned with some of the most precious jewels in the Empire.

In all churches and chapels you see the pious people in constant streams bowing down before these images and touching the pavement with their foreheads, then rising up and reverently kissing the images before they kneel down again. Sometimes a sacrilegious person has been known to try to wrench off a jewel with his teeth, while engaged in kissing the image. But this is not frequent.

According to recent statistics as many as two hundred thousand persons are constantly employed in the principal home industries, and probably nearly every peasant

household is engaged in the minor ones to some extent. Considering the unpleasant conditions of work in a Russian factory this is not to be wondered at.

It is calculated that an average workman in a Russian factory produces goods every year on which his employer makes a profit of £120, but a workman's yearly wage is rarely more than £12. Moreover, the hours of labour, extending from twelve to eighteen hours a day, point to the absence of Trades' Unions, at any rate as we understand them.

Under these conditions it is not to be wondered at that the owners of factories in Russia should make fortunes very rapidly. I went over a factory of sweetmeats, biscuits, and jam in Moscow, and was told by the owner—an alien, with a suspiciously big nose—that he could not extend his operations and erect new buildings fast enough to meet the demand for his wares. I am not at all surprised.

In the Central Building of the fair are the more civilised and consequently the more expensive articles of sale. Precious stones from Siberia can be bought there a good deal better and cheaper than in the capitals, especially amethysts and turquoises. Handsome malachite ware is also to be picked up at the same stalls.

This, however, is by no means cheap. I was shown a set of trays and large vases of it priced at several hundreds of pounds, and, to my thinking, singularly uninteresting. I also saw two clumsy vases, which had been the dowry of a Russian young lady, and which she wished to dispose of for £500. They were of a dull purple colour, about two feet in height, and would not attract any particular attention in the parlour of a seaside lodging.

A number of stalls in this building are tenanted by the Persian traders, who are the most prominent among the foreigners at the fair. They have also a special gallery not very far off, where a great number of the usual objects, which one finds at all international exhibitions, may be seen: carpets, silks, slippers, daggers, embroideries, etc. They are great rogues to deal with, but there is a certain humour of a dry kind about them, which is more or less engaging. I cannot help thinking they would do a good deal more business if there were not such a frightful ordeal of vehement bargaining to be gone through to secure the least of their trifles.

Commerce is carried on at the fair, and indeed all over Russia, by means of those frames with rows of big beads on wires, by which children are taught to count in Board Schools. They simplify bargaining wonderfully, when your acquaintance with the language is limited, or when, as is the case with Russian peasants, your arithmetic is elementary.

Say you want to buy a bear-skin rug. The dealer touches the first row, which contains ten beads, and then moves along eight in the next row, to signify that his price is eighteen roubles. You laugh derisively, push back the whole of the second row, and bring forward seven of the first row, to show that you are prepared to give him seven roubles. His face does not move a muscle, but he puts away the bear-skin and brings out a fox sacque, whose price he explains to you with the beads. You frown, to show you don't want to buy the fox sacque, and prepare to leave the shop.

He waits to see whether you really mean to go away, and as soon as you have crossed the threshold he runs after you, brings you back to the beads, and exhibits fifteen of them as the price of the bear-skin, which he tells you is really worth thirty. If you want to buy you must be prepared to spend at least an hour in haggling over the article, and if you want to get it at a really reasonable price, you must come two or three days in succession and resume the negotiations where they were left off.

After you have once made a purchase from a dealer, you must never buy anything from him again, because directly he knows your method of bargaining, he will raise his prices accordingly. Of course, if you are an expert and know the real market value of the objects it is different, but the best plan is to go on the safe general rule that a Russian asks twice, and a Persian three times, what he will ultimately take, and to select first all the things you are going to buy, and then make a bid for the lot.

The last act of a properly conducted bargain is for you to leave the shop disdainfully, and then to be called back to find the attendant packing up the goods at the price you last offered. If you are dealing with an Armenian, he will probably have taken advantage of your momentary absence to pack up some very inferior articles, so you have to be careful.

There was a stall of rather pretty Russian lacquer work, all sorts of boxes and trays with bright scenes of peasant life depicted upon them, sledging adventures, troikas (the national three-horse carriages), etc. But my guide told me that as these things were made in Moscow they could be more advantageously purchased there. Just as he said this we passed a party of French people coming away from the stall exclaiming that the prices were higher than they had paid at Moscow.

This seemed corroborative evidence, but when I got back to Moscow I was disgusted to find that the contrary was the case, and that I had to pay nearly double. When you buy a thing in Moscow you are contributing to the tradesman's rent, rates, and taxes in one of the principal streets, and if he does not sell to-day he is just as pleased at selling one month or six months hence. But goods brought to Nijni are intended to be sold, as it

is a nuisance to have to cart them back again after conveying them all that way.

Old silver is to be picked up in the fair by those who are wary. The information about the various hall-marks is to be found in the guide-books.

I saw an amusing sight, illustrative of the catholicity of the fair, and the way in which the extreme west and the extreme east rub shoulders there. It was only a group of Persians congregated round an automatic machine, but it was delightful to watch.

There was a little woman attired in a light blue shawl, with a bright yellow skirt. She wore a thick black veil over her face because she was a Mohammedan, but I could detect a gleam of delight through it as she inserted a ten-kopeck piece and brought out a stick of chocolate. She waved the tiniest little umbrella imaginable in the air until a tall bearded man in a turban recalled her to the fitness of things with a frown and pushed her aside that he might insert his own coin in the slot. All day long there seemed to be a motley crowd, representative of all nations, gathered round this machine, which evidently did a thriving trade.

As you stroll about the bye-ways of the fair you will be accosted by all manner of individuals who recognise you as their legitimate prey. Here is a man who asks in broken German whether you have suited yourself in the matter of furs. He has a stall close to Government House, and, if you will give him a call, he promises you some amazing bargains. Further on, a mysterious individual in native costume brings out a small packet from the depths of his breast-pocket, and tries to do business in Alexandrine stones which look green by day and red by night, or the other way on, I forget which.

Then, at every corner, you will be solicited by beggars. More often they are monks, who make a regular business of collecting alms at the fair. They must take a good deal in the course of the day, for traders at Nijni are inclined to be generous, and they have a superstition, which is shared by gamblers at Monte Carlo, that to be charitable brings good luck.

There is also the ordinary type of beggar, fortified with romances about his misfortunes, more than ordinarily wonderful. The least imaginative among them have generally been burnt out of house and home, and have no where to lay their heads. If you doubt their word, they will show you scars in corroboration of their tale.

If you are addicted to sketching, you will not fail to visit the old clothes market, whither, doubtless, many stolen goods find their way. There is more variety and colour there than anywhere else in the fair, except, perhaps, on the bridge. But you must not sketch in Russia unless you have previously obtained a written permission from the police authorities, and even then you run the risk of being taken to the police-station to give an account of yourself.

This, at least, is the ordinary traveller's tale about sketching, but judging from other tales of the same kidney, I am inclined to believe it to be utterly untrue. When I started for Russia I was told that this applied even more rigidly to the practice of taking instantaneous photographs, but now I am pretty sure that if I had done so, nobody would have dreamed of interfering.

There was a very good reason for this—almost as good an one as that of the poet who could not see the Spanish fleet, "Because it was not yet in sight,"—and my greatest discouragement in my ambitions towards instantaneous photography was the fact that I never once saw the sun from the moment I crossed the Russian frontier to the moment of my return.

More of this next week.

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Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m. of Friday, October 22nd, 1893, until Midnight Saturday, October 23rd, 1893. (See column 3, page 235.)

STAR STONES.

THE selenites, or star stones, are among the most wonderful productions of the mineral kingdom. They are conundrums; the star sapphire being a grayish blue; the star ruby, bright red; the star topaz, a straw yellow. The star appearance in the stone is caused, according to some mineralogists, by a foreign substance in the gem; others say it is due to peculiarities of crystallization.

Whatever it may be, advantage is taken of it by the lapidary, who cuts the stone in the shape of a dome, beginning at the centre of the star and making six points, and as the light plays on the surface of the stone the bright lines of the star change with the position of the gem, and produce a singularly beautiful effect.

These stones are very valuable, the best specimens being worth as much as diamonds of the same weight. Burton, the great Oriental traveller, had a star sapphire which he always carried on his person, and in the heart of Arabia, or the deserts of Africa, the sight of this wonderful gem always inspired an almost reverential respect.

The wild Arabs and negroes would gaze at the stone, then at its possessor, and, concluding that he had a talisman of unexampled power, would render him all possible assistance for fear of incurring his vengeance.

CHILDLIKE AND BLAND.

His name was Moses Sparrow. He was very green. That was the idea which always came into Miss Page's mind when she looked at her country landlady's son. Such a rustic youth with such fair hair, worn long, such big blue eyes, such sloping shoulders, such a lamb-like expression.

And, being there at the farmhouse, whither she and her mother had travelled for the summer months, the London-belle resolved that she would try her powers of fascination upon the boy who struck her as so good a subject for a flirtation; in which all the fun was to be on her side and all the sentiment on his.

And at it she went, beginning with a smile, a look, a word, and rejoicing to see the fish bite so readily. She enjoyed herself very much until she grew tired of it, and then she decided on breaking the heart she had won, and enjoying the crash. So she lured him out into the garden, and made him sit beside her, and said sadly:

"I'm going home next week. I shall send you wedding cards when I am married. I am to be married to a very rich gentleman next winter."

Then she waited to see him drop at her feet; but he did not drop. He only said:

"I'm very glad! I kinder felt afraid I'd been goin' too far with you. I'm a sort of butterfly, flittin' from flower to flower, you know; and I've flirted with you, I do allow. I was afraid you'd go off into a decline or catch— you seemed to set so much on me—if you heard sudden-like that me and Ann Maria was keepin' steady company. But, law, since you're going to be married, there's no harm done! I shouldn't hev liked you to drown yourself like t'other girl who was here did, in the mill pond. She had my photograph in her pocket when she was fished out."

And then he smiled at Miss Page, and she arose and sailed away from him with great dignity. But Moses sat still a while longer, and laughed so loudly that his mother heard him in the kitchen, where she was sprinkling clothes, and thought that the old owl in the woods was hooting louder than ever that evening.

135 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

INSURANCE AGAINST GENERAL ACCIDENTS

ACCORDING TO CONDITIONS GIVEN BELOW.

Specially guaranteed by the

OCEAN ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.

£25 INSURANCE COUPON. £10

£25 will be paid by the above Corporation to the Legal Representative of any person killed by an accident to the train, steamboat, tramway, omnibus, or other public conveyance in which he or she was travelling as a passenger, or while waiting on any street or public road within the United Kingdom, or a private individual, should death result within one month after such injury, and the full amount will be paid should such injury not prove fatal, but result in the complete and irreparable loss of sight in both eyes, or the loss, by actual separation of two legs, two arms, or a leg and an arm.

£10 will be paid should such injury only result in the loss as above defined of sight in one eye, or the loss of one arm or one leg, and £5 will be paid should such injury only result in the fracture of an arm or leg.

£5 will be paid to any person who shall sustain a fracture of an arm or leg or a broken collar-bone while engaged in playing football, or while cycling.

Provided in all above cases that the person so killed or injured was the owner of this Insurance Coupon, with his or her usual signature written underneath, when the accident on which the claim is based occurred. The paper may be left at his or her place of abode so long as the coupon is signed.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Rules No. 2, 3, 4, and 5."

This Insurance is limited to One Coupon of this paper for each holder, and is not invalidated by any Insurance with this or any other Accident Company, but is in addition thereto.

Notes of Claim must be made to MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., within seven days of the accident.

Signature

(See column 2, page 235).

Available from 5 p.m. of Friday, October 20th, 1893, till midnight, Saturday, October 21st, 1893.

IN THE PLAGUE SPOTS OF LONDON.

THE alums around Whitechapel and Spitalfields are among the filthiest and most dangerous in the world. It is difficult for a stranger to get anything more than a superficial insight into the mode of living of the inhabitants of these squalid regions, but, with the assistance of a friend who is well known in the district, I was enabled to see things which would have been carefully concealed from others.

In the neighbourhoods populated by Russian and Polish Jews nearly all the trade is carried on by means of coppers. In one shop I visited it is possible to buy a farthing's worth of coke, the same quantity of tea, and a ha'porth of butter. One tradesman informed me that he takes between £20 and £30 a week entirely in coppers.

A few doors higher up I obtained a hot dinner for a penny. Indeed everything is reduced to the utmost limit. A dock labourer's wife, for instance, told me what her husband has to subsist on every day, from five o'clock in the morning until night time: it is a ha'porth of tea, a penny loaf, and a ha'porth of butter. For a tradesman to succeed he must be content with the smallest profit; for example, socks can be obtained for a penny halfpenny a pair, while one chemist I spoke to extracts teeth with the patient under chloroform for the modest sum of two shillings.

In the East End the Russians and the Poles have the reputation of being the filthiest people on the face of the earth. Their houses are filled to the utmost, and being good-hearted they are willing to harbour any foreign pauper of their own nationality until he can obtain employment. Very often they lend a man money to purchase a barrow and a stock of fruit, and it is a characteristic of the foreign Jew that he invariably repays a loan if given time.

A foreman builder told me that he had occasion to go early one morning to make some repairs at the house of a foreign Jew. On the stairs and floors he counted no fewer than twenty-six persons, besides the usual occupants, huddled together and sound asleep. Exactly under the door on which many of these people were sleeping was a heap of soil newly dug from the drains.

They are strange folk these Jews. In the back streets in the midst of the thieves' dens you can see little children taking a meal off pickled cucumber, while their mothers are eating olives. Olives are popular amongst the Jews because they are believed to stem the tide of evil fortune. Pickled cucumbers are sold in large quantities at two a penny, while five olives will fetch the same sum.

The Jews in the alums are very strict in their religion, and never by any chance consume the flesh of the hind quarters of an animal. Before eating any meat they let it soak in water so as to get all the blood out of it. If a fire wants poking on a Saturday they call in a Christian to do it, while the Hebrew employer of labour in Whitechapel gets his female servant to pay the wages of his men on the Sabbath.

There is a general complaint that the Britisher is being ousted by the alien. It is all a matter of wages. I am citing a real case when I say that two foreign Jewish labourers are working at this moment for six shillings a week each, and they consider themselves decently off. These people live seven and eight in a room, and take little else but coffee and bread, though some of the Poles and Germans indulge now and then in the luxury of horse-flesh, known as Jack beef. They rarely patronise the public-house, and never go to a workhouse, being always supported by the Jewish Institutes while in a destitute condition.

An English or Irish carpenter wants from £2 to £2 5s. for his week's work; but anywhere down Whitechapel you can secure the services of a foreign carpenter for 14s. a week. As for the out-of-work Britisher, I was confronted with a man who had not sufficient clothes to venture out of doors to seek employment.

Whitechapel abounds with small money-lenders of foreign extraction. They charge an initial 10 per cent. for the loan, and 5 per cent. for expenses. If the debt is not liquidated in seven days, a penny fine is inflicted. If at the end of two weeks the money is not refunded, the fine is doubled, and in this way the extortion is carried on until the fine often reaches ten shillings a week.

In the neighbourhood of Spitalfields I was shown over what must be the poorest club in existence. It is frequented by poverty-stricken Irishmen, three or four of whom may often be seen sharing one pipe of tobacco. My attention was also directed to a thieves' lodging-house, where buyers procure watches of the value of £20 for £2 for the purpose of selling them again after erasing the number.

In spite of their poverty the alum-folk are badly swindled. To give one example, a great portion of the bread and sausages they eat consists of ground rice, one pound of which will suck up three gallons of water.

TO PRIZE COMPETITORS.

In the Event of Duplicates the Prize will be awarded to the first to hand.

GREAT TOWNS COMPETITION.

1,500 GUINEA ENGRAVINGS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

No. 12.

SPECIAL OFFER TO THE INHABITANTS OF LLANELLY, LITH, LIMERICK, LONDONDERRY, MERTHYR TYDVIL, AND MIDDLESBROUGH.

As announced in previous issues we have devised a form of competition which, instead of being open to readers all over the kingdom, and thus, by the multitude of entries, affording individual competitors but a small chance of success, will be open to dwellers in particular towns only.

The prizes take the form of charming engravings, 20 by 20, handsomely framed in solid oak, of a kind that are sold in print-shops for a guinea apiece. The subjects have been carefully chosen for their artistic beauty, and in the case of each particular town the engravings will be on show somewhere while the competition is open.

For the purposes of this competition towns will be taken in alphabetical order. Every town containing at the last census 40,000 inhabitants or more in England will be admitted, and every town in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, of 20,000 or more.

The pictures will be presented in the proportion of one to every ten thousand of population, that is to say, Aberdeen with its population of 121,000 secured twelve pictures.

The towns will be arranged so that about thirty pictures are given away every week. This week the competition is open to dwellers in Llanelli, Lith, Limerick, Londonderry, Merthyr Tydvil, and Middlesbrough.

Name of Town.	Population.	Pictures.
Llanelli	22,937 ..	2
Lith	69,606 ..	6
Limerick	27,072 ..	3
Londonderry	22,803 ..	3
Merthyr Tydvil	58,060 ..	5
Middlesbrough	75,516 ..	7

The pictures are on view in Llanelli at Mr. David John's, Stepney Street; in Lith at Mrs. Anderson's, 51A, Kirkgate; in Limerick at Mr. J. D. Hannan's, 21, George Street; in Londonderry at Mr. Wm. Gailley's, Waterloo Place; in Merthyr Tydvil at Mr. T. Davies', 84, Pontmorlais; and in Middlesbrough at the North of England Furnishing Co.'s, Linthorpe Road.

Competitors must be resident in one of the above towns, taking the widest recognised boundaries. The form of competition will be similar in every case, and will this week be on the following lines:—

Below will be found six combinations of letters, each of which will, when re-arranged, give the name of a virtue.

a h y r i o t s o t h y n e
e e p t e i a n e o y e i g n t s
s e t e n e g a i n e e e e e o b v i n n

Competitors are requested to send their solutions in an envelope with the word PICTURES plainly marked on it.

The following regulations must be strictly adhered to:—

On a sheet of note-paper the competitor must write his name and address, and below it the six virtues. This must be witnessed by three other persons who are not entering the competition, and who must also append their names and addresses.

Each attempt must be accompanied with the coupon at the top right-hand corner of front page of the wrapper of this issue, and no person must send more than one attempt.

One of the above-mentioned works of art will be presented to the twenty-first competitor who forwards the correct solution of the puzzle, and to every filthiest afterwards, until the whole number have been awarded.

The persons who witness the five-hundredth correct application that comes to hand will receive a half-crown apiece.

Letters only. Please post early.

NEXT WEEK'S PRIZES WILL BE FOR THE INHABITANTS OF MANCHESTER (EXCLUDING SALFORD).

After the large towns are exhausted, competitions will be held for which dwellers in small towns and villages alone are eligible.

RESULT OF GREAT TOWNS COMPETITION.

No. 16.

The Buried Kitchen Requisites in the Competition which we set to our readers in Leeds were as follows:—

Skewer, Broiler, Cullender, Kettle, Gridiron, and Kitchener.

A splendid framed Guinea Etching has been awarded to each of the persons named below:—

IN LEADS:—

J. W. Dugdale, 2, King's Avenue, Alexandra Road; W. Elliker, 2, Portland Passage, Portland Street; E. W. Saunders, 23, Wingate Road, Armley; F. S. Morton, 20, Harold Grove, Queen's Road; A. Cooke, 18, Grover Avenue, Camp Road; M. E. Sherwood, 25, Enfield Grove, Roundhay Road; Mrs. O. Parkes, 8, Roseville Avenue, Roundhay Road; M. S. Topley, Terrace Villa, Francis Street; O. J. Brinkley, 1, Victoria Terrace, Belle Vue Road; G. Stevenson, 65, Branstead Terrace, Harbottle Road; J. C. Appleby; Mrs. James Green, Armley; W. F. Ellis, 15, Chelsea Street, Holbeck; H. Wilson, Brandon Villa, Chapeltown Road; Alf Levermore, Ferryhill; Whinliffe, Armley; G. Carter, 2, Reginald Terrace, Chapeltown Road; J. Gildard, 10, Pickering Street, Armley; J. Gawthorn, 1, Melville Street; J. W. Dunn, 41, Cavendish Street, Kirkgate; Y. F. Smith, 4, Balcombe Terrace, Low Road, Hunslet; W. Howarth, 1, Hanover Place, Park Lane; Mrs. E. Metcalf, 1, Service Street, Cambridge Road; Wallace Woodman, 25, Elcho Street, Dewsbury Road; Hunslet; J. Jennings, 10, Glenview Street; M. W. Legg, 2, Greenmount Terrace, Weston Hill; J. Metcalf, 44, Carlton Cross Street; E. Mandfield, 22, St. James Street; J. Spencer, 23, Victoria Road, Hyde Park; J. F. Brown, 25, Lowerhead Road; Mrs. Woodall, Bramley; G. Wordley, 12, Beckett Street; S. Hood, 11, Cliff Terrace, Delph Lane; E. Kay, 15, Godthow Road; W. H. Greenbow, 1, Vigar Lane; F. Wilson, 25, Albion Street; E. Carr, 4, Hamilton Place, Leopold Road; F. O. Winter, 25, Ella Street.

The witnesses to the five-hundredth correct application, and to whom 2s. 6d. each has been sent, were:

Ben Walker, 22, Linden Grove, Dewsbury Road, Leeds.
Alfred Wilson, 25, Charles Street, Leeds.
Charles Carthony, 14, Duice Street, New Wortley, Leeds.

GLADYS: "I hope, dearest, that you will never contract any debts."

Jack: "Never."

Gladys: "Jack, are you sure?"

Jack: "Positive. I always expand my debts."

JOHN DARK.—Miss Anna Dickinson was to lecture on "Jean d'Arc" to a Western audience, and was introduced as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Miss Dickinson will add to you to-night on the life and adventures of John d'Arc, one of the greatest heroes of antiquity. We are so familiar with the heroes of antiquity as we ought to be, owing to the long time since antiquity; but one thing is certain, and that is that Miss Dickinson can tell us all about the most remarkable of them all—John Dark."

E. A. Ellis, of Mount Plymouth, Godwin Road, Hastings, writes:—"Please accept my best thanks for the extremely handsome picture awarded me. The subject, 'Restful Twilight,' is most beautifully executed and, enclosed in oak frame of dignified simplicity, very taking to the eye. All who see it admire it."

WOMAN, THE MYSTERY.

A STORY OF THREE REVOLUTIONS.

By HENRY HERMAN,

Author of "Pandora's Box," "The Loser Pays," "Eagle Joe," "His Angel," "The Great Becklethwaite Mystery," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

FURTHER PLOTS.

THE United States officer commanding the guard at Anderson Mills was a rough-and-ready Westerner, who did not at all care to be ordered about by a man who, he said, was most likely a rebel spy, and who had come into the lines in an extremely suspicious manner.

"That's surely not your business, captain," retorted Quayle defiantly. "General Franklin will be able to tell you who I am, and he won't allow me to escape if I am a rebel spy."

Whether he liked it or nay, the officer was bound to comply with Quayle's request, and he sent him to headquarters under guard, with strict orders to shoot Mr. Quayle off-hand at the first attempt at escape.

Quayle's interview with General Franklin was brief. He quickly convinced the Federal commander of his position in the United States service, giving as reason for his visit that he wished to learn what had become of Colonel Denon, who had not returned to the United States agency at Richmond, and about whom the agent was extremely anxious. The general at once referred him to the field hospital at Savage Station, and Quayle arrived at that place after a sharp walk in the early morning hours.

He had no difficulty in finding Denon and Glaydes. Poor Walter was as yet totally unconscious, and the surgeons seemed so very doubtful about the young officer's eventual recovery. He was, however, able to see Denon, and the surgeons permitted a private conversation.

"Do you think yourself strong enough, colonel, to hear very exciting news?" Quayle whispered when he was left alone with Denon.

"News?" muttered Denon. "News from whom?"

The wounded man's hand gripped Quayle's arm with a convulsive clutch.

"Not from her?" he whispered hoarsely, "not from her? I cannot hope that."

"You guessed rightly," said Quayle. "I came without any special mission whatever, simply because I wished to render Miss Lemure a service. Nobody in Richmond knows whether you or Major Adams are alive, and Miss Lemure is sorely distressed about it."

"Did she say that?" asked Denon fervidly. "Did she wish to hear what has become of me?"

"Yes," rejoined Quayle, seeing that he was about to gain his point. "She is grievously anxious, and I think it would so much relieve her mind if you would scribble a line or two saying that you were alive."

The surgeon entered at that moment, and, casting a glance at Denon, exclaimed:

"Hillo! What's this? You have been exciting yourself. That must not be. Quiet before all. I shall have to forbid further conversation, for the present at any rate. You must leave, sir," he added to Quayle.

"But he may come back again, may he not?" asked Denon feverishly.

"We will see about that when you get better," said the surgeon. "Now, sir," addressing Quayle, "I shall have to ask you to leave."

All that day Quayle strolled about between the rows of the hospital tents adjoining the railway line, fuming and fretting in a petty, impotent rage, because the doctors would not, for the time being, permit a repetition of his interview with Denon.

Then, as further bad luck would have it, General McClellan, being informed of Quayle's presence, sent for him, and he had to start in hot haste for headquarters, where he was kept all the next day, being examined and cross-examined about what he knew of the Confederate positions and dispositions around Richmond. Even when he had passed through that ordeal, he was not allowed to leave. Saturday passed, and with it the Sunday on which he had appointed to meet Henri. Monday was already waning towards afternoon before he found himself again at Savage Station.

Denon had progressed rapidly and favourably by that time, and the doctors had allowed him to sit in the shade of one of the big trees in the station yard.

When he saw Quayle, he rose with a flushed face.

"I am so glad you have returned," he said. "The news you brought me the other morning was so welcome that I long to have a further chat with you."

Quayle knew how to keep his bait dangling before the eyes of his victim. He congratulated Denon about his recovery, asked questions about his wounds, and seemed to persist to speak about anything except that one topic which was nearest to Denon's heart.

Walter was at that time still unconscious, and nothing was to be gained by waiting for his return to memory and to knowledge of his surroundings. Quayle would have preferred to be able to obtain a line from Walter, but, under the circumstances of the case, he was glad to discover that he could use Denon as his cat's-paw.

He drew a glowing picture of Hélène's anxiety about the Unionist officer, and Denon was only too happy to send a word about himself to the woman whom he loved so much.

Quayle insisted that the letter would have to be worded exactly as he suggested. He pointed out that any writing signed by an officer in the United States service would be a source of great peril if found upon him, and that the document would have to be so worded that he could prove that it was not doing him the Southern cause.

"What would you say, colonel," he asked, "if Miss Lemure were to come and see you?"

"What here?" exclaimed Denon with a hot surprise. "How could that be?"

"You don't know," insinuated Quayle, smiling craftily, "what a woman can do for a man."

"Ah," rejoined Denon, "she doesn't care enough for me for that."

"How do you know?" was the question.

"I feel it," replied Denon; "I have no right to expect it."

"Never mind what you have the right to expect," was Quayle's interruption. "What would you say if she came to see you here?"

"I would say that I was the happiest of men," he answered, "and that I am unworthy of the favour."

He blushed as a schoolboy might have done while he spoke.

"But say," he continued more rapidly, "do you think there is a chance?"

"Try her," said Quayle; "say what you would feel if you could see her again."

"How am I to express it?" asked Denon.

"I will come to you in about half an hour, and I will have the draft of your letter ready for you."

With that he left Denon, who felt as if the world had on a sudden grown too large for him, and that the sunshine was the brightest and the air the balmiest he had ever felt.

The composition of the letter evidently gave Quayle some little trouble, for half an hour had elapsed, and another half hour after that, before he returned and handed to Denon the following draft epistle:

"DEAR MISS LEMURE,—

"I owe my life to you, and, next to you, to poor Jack, who lies sorely wounded in the hospital near me. The doctors doubt that he will recover."

"I send this note by a friend upon whose loyalty and devotion you may implicitly rely. What would I not give or do to be able to see you again. Would that you could be here to see poor Jack! A sight of your face might save his life."

"Do you think I dare say all that?" asked Denon. "Do you think I ought to say it?"

This with a side-glance at poor Walter, who was lying on the next straw bed, motionless and mindless.

"I am quite sure Major Adams would give his right hand to see her," suggested Quayle, "and you surely know your own feelings. I would undertake to bring her through the lines if she were to trust herself with me."

"Would you?" questioned Denon, his face flushing with a hot pleasure. "If you could do that, I don't think I could ever repay you. But do you think she would leave the colonel, who is wounded?"

"There is no knowing," was Quayle's reply. "Women are strange creatures. They have mysterious preferences and unaccountable impulses. You and Major Adams fought on her account. She might take it into her head to see what love for her has brought to you both."

"But then there is the danger! Could you take her back to Richmond?"

"Danger!" cried Quayle cynically. "The excitement of possible danger would be an additional inducement to a woman like Miss Lemure. And of course I would undertake to see her back to Richmond if she desired to return."

"Desired to return?" asked Denon excitedly. "Do you think there is a possibility?"

"Of course there is," interrupted Quayle. "Let me have the letter. I will do my best. You can rely upon me."

A few minutes after that the letter was written, and signed "A. D."

"She will know my writing and my initials," said Denon, "and I have no doubt you would prefer that the full name should not appear."

Quayle was in high glee. His plan was progressing most favourably, and the initial step was taken with immense success.

Before leaving camp, Quayle had to report himself at headquarters to take instructions and orders.

When he arrived at General McClellan's temporary residence, the commander of the Northern Forces was absent, and, whether he liked it or nay, Mr. Quayle had to wait in a little room, bare of all furniture except a chair and a little table.

The minutes seemed hours and the hours years, but fortune smiled upon him again, and the general returned unexpectedly before the evening had waned to night.

About a quarter of an hour after that, General McClellan sent for Quayle.

"I want you to take this little note to the agent," he said, handing Quayle a scrap of paper on which were written a couple of seemingly purposeless sentences, "and also to tell him that he must try to send me the Richmond papers regularly every day. I want them particularly. Those that I got from Washington are always more than a week old, and they are useless to me."

"That will be difficult," said Quayle. "I know that I am the only man he has who can come direct from Richmond to you, and to undertake the journey too often might ruin everything."

"I don't care how he does it," exclaimed the general. "Tell him I want it done. Now go! My adjutant will see you passed out of our lines wherever you like."

Quayle elected to return to the Southern lines by a way which he had not previously explored. For this purpose he crossed the Chickahominy, and took the roads at the back of the Federal lines, which finally brought him to Mechanicsville, on the north-west of Richmond.

On the following morning he presented himself to the Confederate pickets on the Mechanicsville turnpike, and was immediately taken under guard to the Provost Marshal's office at Richmond, where, of course, he was at once recognised and liberated.

It was Tuesday then, and his appointment with Henri had been for the previous Sunday. When he returned to his room, he sat down to write a letter to the young Frenchman, which he intended to send to the camp of the Louisianians by post, when his door was opened, and no less a person than Monsieur Henri himself appeared.

"Vat you do?" cried Monsieur Henri. "You say come Sunday. I come Sunday. You not ere. I come Monday."

You not ere. I come Tuesday. You not ere. I carry sack of meat from market for sergeant four mile every day for to come Richmond to see you. You not ere. Sacrebleu! Vy you not keep vort?"

"You are here now," rejoined Quayle with irritating quietness, "and I am here as well. Carrying sacks of meat is just what suits your intellect. It is heavy."

"I not come for to ear your impertinence. If you nozing else have to say, I go, carry back sack of meat to camp, an' I come no more."

"That's always the way with you," growled Quayle. "You always had a beastly temper."

"Tempaire!" exclaimed Henri, raising his hands aloft like an invocation, "I angel, moi! I saint! I nevaire lose tempaire. I nevaire avear, parbleu!"

"I think I know what will compose you," said Quayle, going to the cupboard and producing a whisky bottle. "Here, let that steady your nerves."

"A la bonne heure," rejoined Monsieur Henri, his face brightening and his eyes glistening. "Viskey in camp dear an' bad. Viskey ere, good an' cheap. I prefer viskey ere."

"Do you think I could trust you with a message that requires a little delicacy of delivery?" asked Quayle.

Henri, glass and bottle in hand, smiled.

"A message to a woman?"

"Yes."

"Pretty woman?"

"Yes."

"Zen I am ze man. Who is ze woman?"

"Your old sweetheart Mademoiselle Hélène."

"Hélène? She my sweet'art no more. I see 'er Saturday. I bring lettairs from capitaine for colonel. She not even look at me. I see 'er yesterday. I again bring lettairs. She turn up nose, an' look ozer vay. I not like 'er at all no more. I 'ate 'er."

"Oh, this is a sudden turn," suggested Quayle. "Since when have you found out that you hated the woman?"

"I find out ollvays. I nevaire love 'er much. She ollvays little canaille. Ven man love woman, she nevaire love 'im. Man must treat woman like dog, beat 'er, kick 'er. Zen she love 'im. More you kick 'er, more she love."

"Now you don't mean that," said Quayle. "She could twist you round her little finger any time she liked, and you know that."

Henri drew himself up proudly, and in doing so nearly choked himself by swallowing a gulp of whisky the wrong way.

"You try me!" he cried at last, when he had finished sputtering. "I wring 'er neck ven I 'old 'er. I pass 'er. I look at 'er. She nevaire look. Nom d'une pipe! She nevaire look at me! An' I bettaire-looking-to-day zan twelve year ago."

"Do you think so?" grimly sneered Quayle. "Do you think that all those years on the galleys have improved your appearance? Do you think a girl like that will look at a man who has been sent to penal servitude?"

Henri gnashed his teeth.

"Penal servitude!" he cried. "Penal servitude zrough 'er! You give me chance. I even vis her!"

"I wonder if I can trust him," muttered Quayle. "A little more oil on the flames, and they'll bias and roar, I've no doubt. Now listen to me," he said to Henri, "and I may perhaps find you a chance of being even with her. The next time you are sent with a letter to the colonel come to me."

"The girl has not recognised him," Quayle said to himself, when Henri was gone. So much the better. "I think the ruffian can be cunning enough when he likes. At any rate I'll try him. Heigho! I think I am fairly on the road to earn one hundred thousand pounds this time."

CHAPTER XXVI.

HÉLÈNE'S VISITOR.

WHEN Sue returned to Hélène and told her that "Mas'r Jack" had stopped her and Denon on the road and had insisted upon Denon's going with him, Hélène bit her lips and clenched her little fists, while her big blue eyes became dilated and her face turned pale.

She was not a quick-tempered woman, but she felt herself betrayed and insulted.

"Jack," she said to herself, "has been watching me, and what right has he to watch me? He isn't my husband, and never will be. He has been spying upon me! That is cowardly, that is mean. I never would have believed him capable of it—him, upon whom I always looked as a model of devotion and unselfishness."

She walked up and down the parlour like a caged pantheress. A tumult of ideas rioted in her mind. Denon's danger—a danger originated through attention to her—Jack's unwarrantable interference, and its possible consequences, the insult to herself, all bubbled and seethed and obscured clear reasoning by a veil of clamour.

Then there was Adams upstairs, sorely stricken, and she could not leave him, for the time being at any rate, whatever happened.

That night she did not remove her clothing, but sat down in the rocking-chair in her room, watching and waiting. Now and then she looked out of her window, and still saw the guards marching up and down on the pavement.

They evidently knew nothing of Denon's escape, nor had the Provost Marshal's office received information of Denon's arrest by Jack, else they would have removed their soldiers.

The hours passed thus amid weary watching. Hélène saw the pale steel-blue of the sky assume warmer tints. Rose and amber tinged the eastern horizon, and over the tree-tops a broad streak of gold ascended and swelled, until on the eastern heavens the orb of fire shone in its morning glory.

For the space of a few moments now and then Hélène dozed off into a gentle sleep, to wake again in dread and anger.

"It's all Jack's fault," she would say to herself. "What right had he to interfere? What right had he to spy upon me?"

With her anger against Jack, her pity for Denon increased.

"Poor fellow!" she muttered. "He will go to an ignominious death on my account. He risked his life to see me."

FICTION.

A ROUGH NEIGHBOUR.—The other day there came limping into a chemist's shop the remains of what had once been a man. He had a wild, dishevelled, been-run-over-by-a-train sort of look, and as he dropped heavily into a vacant chair, the chemist stared at his strange visitor as if fearful that he was about to fall apart and distribute himself over the floor.

"Shall I send for an ambulance?" he inquired anxiously.

"No," was the reply. "I'm able to walk; but I've got a nice-looking phiz on me for a man in a civilised community, haven't I?"

"Yes, what has happened?" asked the salesman.

"Music."

"Ah! I see. You are learning to play on the cornet, and the neighbours have been bombarding you with brickbats. Is that it?"

"Wrong. The boot is on the other foot. I don't know an octave from a semi-quaver, and I don't want to; but my next door neighbour, Smith, is as chock-full of music as a new barrel organ. He is constantly luging home some new-fangled musical instruments, and sitting up two-thirds of the night learning to play on them."

"Must be pleasant for the neighbours."

"Yes, especially if they don't care for music. I haven't got any more ear for music than a post, and the row that Smith made naturally preyed on my mind. I didn't make any fuss about it, though, till Smith showed the total depravity of his nature by bringing home a bassoon, and then began to wheeze and cough, and bellow and snort, and roar through the blessed thing for four or five hours every evening. Some folks may like to listen to that kind of thing, but I don't. I stood it as long as I could, and last night I picked up a big thick stick and went into Smith's back yard to see if I couldn't coax him to stop playing and give people a chance to go to sleep."

"And Smith got the best of the argument, eh?"

"Well, yes; you see I made a mistake. I ought to have crept up behind Smith and caved in the top of his head to start with, and then reasoned with him afterwards. But instead of doing so, I boldly walked up to where he was sitting on the back steps, and shaking the stick at him, I said:

"You moral monstrosity, perjured poltroon, double-dyed dastard, and melody-murderer, if I had a cross-eyed tomcat with asthma, whooping-cough, and delirium tremens, who couldn't beat that music with his head done up in a bag, and tail caught in the crack of a door, I'd—well, I'd brain him with this stick."

"What did he say to that?"

"Well, not much. He simply got up and fetched me a clip over the left ear with his bassoon, knocking me halfway across the yard. Then he came down off the steps and jumped on me with both feet, slammed me about, played football with me, and damaged my personal appearance generally, then hauled me down the gravel path on my back, and threw me over the palings. That's how he spoke."

"Pretty bad, that. I presume you will sue him for damages?" said the chemist.

"Sue him? You don't know the Slammer family!" snorted the belligerent caller. "No, sir, I won't sue him; but the next time I feel called upon to interview Smith I'm going prepared for emergencies, and if you hear of a music-struck lunatic named Smith getting vaccinated with a shot-gun while playing on the bassoon some of these fine evenings, you'll know that Nemesis, in the shape of Samson Slammer, has struck his trail at last!"

And the battered man wearily arose, bought some sticking-plaster, and went forth to arm himself for the coming conflict.

ENTERTAINING THE MINISTER.—"There's a go," muttered John Sanscript under his breath, last Saturday, as he poked up the fire in the parlour grate. "There's a go. The wife has gone and invited her minister to dine, and I'm to entertain him when he comes while she dishes up."

"Now I ain't used to clergymen, and no doubt I'll make a mess of it. Still, I'm not so ignorant after all. It's been a long while since I went to Sunday-school, but I recollect some of the things we learned. There goes the bell. I'll bet that's him."

Sanscript cleared his throat, walked out into the hall, and opened the door.

A pale, cadaverous-looking young man with long hair, watery eyes, high cheek-bones, large mouth, Roman nose, and clad in a suit of shiny black, bowed and smiled at the master of the house most benignly. Under his arm he carried a large book, and Sanscript, of course, knew what that was. Grasping the visitor by the hand, John pulled him into the hall with cordial intent, and, continuing to shake and squeeze, said:

"My dear sir, this is indeed a pleasure. We've been expecting you. Come into the parlour."

With bewilderment written all over his face, the young man tacitly followed.

"Have a chair by the fire. Give me your hat. Mrs. Sanscript is dishing up the dinner now. I smell it—don't you?"

The young man sniffed the air, and his face lighted up with a hungry and expectant expression.

"That most prominent odour—the one nearest you—is the stuffin' for the duck. You like stuffed ducks, don't you?"

"I'm very fond of duck," ventured the young man.

"That's good. I thought you liked stuffed duck."

The young man smiled and nodded, which added confidence to the host's assurance.

"Had we better not transact a little business before dinner, Mr. Sanscript?"

"Oh, ah, certainly! to be sure. How stupid of me, now. I never thought about it that you always have prayers first."

"Excuse me," stammered the young man, as he flushed up with a wild dazed sort of look. "Excuse me, sir, but I never said prayers, except on Sundays and when I get up and go to bed, in my life!"

"What!—never said—Eh, you're joking."

"Upon my word, I'm not—much as I'm ashamed to own it."

Sanscript stroked his chin, and struggled hard to collect his scattered thoughts, and mentally observed:

"Well, here's a queer parson!"

"I thought, perhaps, you'd like to subscribe," mildly continued the young man.

"Subscribe! Oh, yes, to be sure! Why, certainly!" Then, to himself: "The mercenary villain! He attacks me for the heathen before we sit down to dine."

Then, aloud: "This is for the heathen, I suppose?"

"I don't exactly catch your meaning."

"For the missionary fund, I suppose?"

"What missionary fund?"

"How should I know? You ought to know."

"Perhaps; but will you subscribe?"

"Why, certainly. How much is it?"

"Ten shillings."

Sanscript went down into his pocket, produced the money, and passed it over.

"Thank you," smiled the young man, ramming the cash into his pocket.

"When shall I deliver the book?"

"What book?"

It was Sanscript's turn now to be puzzled.

"Why, the 'Meandering Muleteers; or, the Mystery of the Murdered Man.'"

A light seemed breaking into Sanscript's mind. He grasped the poker, and hoarsely whispered:

"Young man, who are you? What are you?"

The visitor took the precaution to rise and slide near the door before he answered:

"The canvasser for this book under my arm, the—"

"And you are not a parson?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'm—"

There was a rush, a scurry of feet, the opening of a door, a dull thud as if leather and flesh had come together, and two men went tumbling down the front steps to the pavement, and Sanscript wasn't one of them. The canvasser's exit was so violent and sudden that a man coming up the steps at that moment had not time to get out of the way. Both went rattling down together. The new visitor picked himself up and looked after the canvasser, who was limping away as fast as exhausted nature could carry him. Finally visitor number two cautiously ascended the steps, ducking and dodging as if expecting some infernal machine to be sprung upon him at every step. He rang the bell carefully, as though it was a house of mourning. Sanscript again came to the door.

"Well, sir?"

The visitor fairly jumped from the ground in affright. "Is this where Mr. Sanscript lives?" he asked.

"What if it is? What do you want?"

"Softly, softly, brother Sanscript. The good book says—"

"Oh, you're a book canvasser too, are you? Well, I'll jolly soon settle you."

Away went visitor number two after the manner of visitor number one. As he slid off the top of Sanscript's right boot, the horrified voice of Mrs. Sanscript arose in an excited key from the doorway:

"John, John, what have you done? Is that the way you treat my minister?"

Let us draw the veil.

FRIEND: "Don't look so blue. You have a good case." Jimson: "No use, I'll lose. I know I'll lose. Every man on that jury either rented or bought a house of me when I was an estate agent."

"If you want to put a few shillings where they do the most good, send a poor child into the country a few of these days," says a morning paper. We have, we have. We have sent three poor children and a poor woman, and there is a poor man in prospect from the size of the hotel bills.

A MONEY-SAVING DEVICE.—Mr. De Broker: "The bills my wife sends me from the summer resorts are ruinous."

Mr. De Sharp: "My wife didn't remain away two weeks."

"Eh? How did you manage it?"

"Hired a fellow to typewrite my letters to her, and scented the paper with violet."

FACTS.

THERE are upwards of fifty hospitals in London.

THE New Caledonians are passionately fond of roast spiders.

ONE pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing one yard of cloth.

THE takings of London theatres and music-halls exceed £1,500,000 a year.

THE Singalese, after extracting the honey from the bee, chew up the insect itself.

OF the "lady variety artistes" on the stage, at least six-tenths have been domestic servants.

THE public executioner of Austria wears a pair of new white gloves every time he carries out a capital sentence.

ON an average 27,000 widowers re-marry as against 18,500 widows in the British Isles in the course of a twelvemonth.

ALNWICK, the seat of the venerable Duke of Northumberland, is the oldest fortified castle used as a residence in England.

THE British army rifle has eighty-two component parts, in the production of which 952 machines are employed, as well as various processes which do not require machines.

BARON LIEBIG, the great German chemist, averred that "as much flour as can lie upon the point of a table-knife contains as much nutriment as eight pints of the best beer that can be made."

SWEDEN is the most Protestant country in the world. Of a population of 6,000,000 there are only 2,000 Roman Catholics, the remainder of the population belonging almost entirely to the Lutheran Church.

THE green ants of Australia make nests by bending leaves together and uniting them with a kind of natural glue. Cook saw hundreds at a time on one leaf drawing it to the ground, while an equal number waited to receive, hold, and fasten it.

THE name of Herr Breman, the statistician, is well known in Germany. His latest discovery is that in three thousand years there will be only one man to every two hundred and twenty women. Unfortunately this does not interest us, and there is no way of warning our descendants.

THE Bon Marché of Paris has the largest kitchen on earth. There are fifty frying-pans, each large enough to hold three hundred outlets at a time. The smallest kettle contains a hundred quarts, and the largest five hundred. Each dish for baking potatoes holds two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

AMERICANS are said to have the poorest teeth of any people in the world. It is said the more brain work a person has the worse his teeth become. The same result is attained by lack of proper nourishment, and it is said by a well-known dentist that fifty years hence, among the very poor classes, every one will be toothless at the age of twenty.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES, in travelling in the East in search of subjects, has come upon a curious form of courtship. Sketching one day in Burmah, he noticed a man a little distance off glaring fiercely straight ahead of him at some object he could not see from his position. The man sat with the same fixed glare the whole of the afternoon, and was at it again next morning. Mr. Menpes had the curiosity to ask an English visitor what it meant. The reply was: "Oh, he is in love," and it was explained that this was their method of courtship. The object of the man's attentive glare was a girl in a neighbouring bazaar. When a man falls in love, he has to seat himself at a certain distance from his adored one, and waits for her to do the rest. If she looks in his direction once or twice on the first or second day, he is wildly encouraged, and if on the third day she nods at him and smiles, it is time to go to the parents with reference to the marriage settlements.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the GENERAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE has been paid up to Nov. 25th, 1893 and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 231, and against all General Accidents, to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 232.

Robert T. Paul
Secretary of the
Ocean Accident & Guarantee
Corporation, Limited

SOME NEW SLANG PHRASES.

Some of the phrases in use amongst the East-enders are worthy of record. The following are a few, together with their meaning:—

- "Shove in the mouth" = a glass of beer.
- "Wet the other eye" = have another half pint.
- "A go of turps and a hay-band" = a drop of gin and a penny smoke.
- "Crab-shells" = feet.
- "A cup of slops and doorstep" = a cup of tea and bread-and-butter.
- "Snapper" = watch thief.
- "A cold doorstep on the chest" = a cold on the chest.
- "Kid's eye" = sixpence.
- "Joey" = fourpence.
- "Half a cart-wheel" = half a crown.
- "Half a James" = half a sovereign.

WHERE SOLDIERS ARE CHIEFLY WOUNDED.

In a newly-published work on gun-shot wounds, Dr. Ludwig Brandt gives some interesting statistics about the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. The number of officers and men of all ranks belonging to the German armies who were wounded during the war amounted to the immense total of 116,831. Of these 99,566 survived, 11,023 died in hospital, and 6,223 died on the field of battle.

The wounds of those who were under hospital treatment, including the wounds of those who died in hospital, were thus distributed: Wounds of the head, 11,041; of the neck, 1,922; of the chest and back, 11,495; abdomen, 4,553; upper extremities, 33,914; and of the lower extremities, 43,952; while in 3,721 instances the situations of the wounds have not been recorded.

A noticeable fact is the unusually large proportion of wounds of the head, which nearly equal those of the chest and back together, and approach three times the number of those of the abdomen. The number given (11,041), however, includes 2,130 injuries of the face, which are generally shown separately from those of the head.

The wounds by rifle bullets more than doubled the number of those caused by artillery projectiles; but the information in this respect is not of much value, as, out of 2,130 gunshot wounds in the face, in no fewer than 1,398 instances the particular projectiles by which the wounds were caused have not been recorded.

Only fifteen out of the 2,130 injuries of the face were sabre wounds, and no bayonet wounds appear among the number. The author draws attention to the fact that in war injuries of the jawbone occur more frequently than injuries of other bones in this region, and that many of them are of a very grave character, as, out of the 8,164 cases treated in the hospitals, 101 proved fatal, while in many of the recoveries difficulties of mastication, and even of feeding, with loss of power of speech, have resulted.

NO THANKS, THIS TIME.

It was just at dusk, and in a gloomy part of the street, and the tramcar was rapidly approaching, its bell ringing rapidly in sharp, quick peals of warning, and the light in front gleaming like a great fiery eye as it came on.

Miss Tendart stood on the kerbstone waiting to cross, when she noted a round-shouldered old man groping forward with a stick in hand, apparently cautiously feeling his way.

"A blind man," gasped Miss T., "and he will be killed; will nobody save him?"

She looked wildly to the right and left, but no one of the male gender was within call. She shouted frantically to the poor blind man to come back, but he plodded on unheeding. He had just reached the track; the fiery-eyed monster was approaching, and would strike him down a mangled corpse.

Not a moment was to be lost. Wild with terror and excitement, she rushed forward, and frantically throwing her arms about him as he stood there fumbling with his stick upon the very edge of the track, drew him back with desperate energy just as the car rushed past them; and the man, struggling in her grasp, turned fiercely, and demanded:

"Wat d'yer mane squeezein' the life out o' me and dragging me round; sure ye ought to be ashamed, the likes of a laddy like ye."

"Oh, my poor blind man. You are saved," gasped Miss T.

"Saved, sure I'm glad I'm saved, but who's callin' me blind, wid a pair o' eyes I have shinin' like a cat's in a dark cellar."

"But," stammered the Samaritan, "I thought you were blind and feeling your way across the street with a stick, and would be run over."

"Wid me stick?" said the man, looking at his iron pointed staff. "Why, it's the switchman I am, miss."

There was a subdued snicker in the little group that had gathered, and as the next tram just then pulled up, Miss T. got in to avoid further explanations of the switchman respecting the interruption of his duties.

ALONE ON A CORAL REEF.
IF YOU DON'T COUNT THE CRABS.

It is not everyone who has been fortunate enough to come across a Nineteenth-Century Robinson Crusoe. In these matter-of-fact days desert islands have gone somewhat out of fashion, and tragic disasters have taken the place of romantic shipwrecks and hair-breadth escapes.

However, the other day I chanced upon one who had passed nearly two years on a desert island, doing absolutely nothing, and without seeing one fellow being all the time. And so it was that I besought him to call at *Pearson's Weekly Buildings* and there to unfold his tale. And these were the words he spoke:

"On the 6th of June, 1890, the little steamer *Stilehampton*, fitted out at the expense of a company of San Francisco merchants, left that port and set sail to survey a group of coral reefs, hitherto unexplored and lying off the coast of Mexico, in the hope of striking one of those rich deposits of guano which are found on the coral islands of the Pacific.

"The first island we touched at was a small one, not marked upon the chart, well overlaid with guano, and I, remembering the Robinson Crusoe of my school-boy days, allowed myself to be put ashore, with a plentiful supply of provisions, with the intention of inspecting the guano and seeing what could best be done to prepare it for transportation. The rest of the crew were to continue their voyage of discovery for five weeks, and after that time to call back and pick me up with my report on the value of the deposit.

"As I stood alone on the shore of my island and watched the good ship steam slowly out of sight I was seized with a sudden depression at the loneliness of my situation, and would have given the best of all I had to be back again among my fellow-creatures.

"At last the sail was a mere speck upon the green waters, and I turned inland with a heavy feeling at my heart. I think if I had known then that the *Stilehampton* would never return, and that I was parted from my comrades for ever, the solitude would have been unbearable.

"I clambered over the rocks, and I regained my spirits at the thought that I was absolute monarch of all I surveyed. But this was a great delusion. I was reckoning without the crabs. They swarmed over the place in countless myriads, and one and all seemed possessed of the idea that I had been created and transported for the sole purpose of relieving the monotony of their existence.

"I was sitting on my box of tinned meats and biscuits, and vaguely considering what kind of fool I had made of myself in coming ashore, when my attention was attracted by a sharp pinch in the calf of my leg. Now the calf of the leg is a very tender part, and I got up with a yell.

"I found myself sitting in the midst of a swaying sea of crabs. They had all come out to look at me and size me up. There were crabs to the right of me and crabs to the left of me, crabs in front of me and crabs behind me. The whole island seemed like one vast shellfish. I saw at a glance I should not want for company—if I counted crabs.

"But it was growing dark. I told the crabs to go to Jericho, and went to make my bed. About fifty yards from the shore there stood a rock, and against that rock I rolled two other stones. Over the top I spread a tarpaulin, and outside banked up seaweed and gravel to keep out the draught.

"Then I went to bed, feeling so lonesome that when the moon rose in the east I went out to welcome it. You have no idea what companions the sun and the moon are on a bare desert island a thousand miles from a living creature's eye, and with no one but creepy, crawly crabs to chat with.

"I didn't get much sleep. It seemed to be the crabs' visiting night. I had to get up and walk about with a broomstick, but they were irrepressible. When I threw myself down in despair they ran races up my legs, and five or six fat ones got into bed with me.

"When morning came it had been my intention to start working at the deposit of guano, but I found that instead of being soft and workable the rains had hardened it into a regular rock, and I could do nothing with it. This was disappointing, as there was no other way of passing the time that I could think of.

"Then I began to wonder what on earth I should do for five whole weeks, and it was then I first began to think Robinson Crusoe was a fraud.

"I tried to teach the crabs to jump, but they refused each time, and I got thoroughly disgusted, and had them every day for lunch.

"I chalked up the days as they dragged on, and when seven weeks passed by, and still there were no signs of the *Stilehampton*, I naturally grew anxious and excited.

"I got in the way of climbing to the summit of the highest rock in my kingdom, and sitting there with furrowed brows and straining eyes looking out to sea day after day, and sometimes half the night as well. When I came back to my house to sleep I would toss about all the live-long night, and in my dreams I was looking at the restless waters and hailing ships which came quite close, and just as I was stepping on board would disappear in a thick white mist, and then I would wake with a start and find myself bathed in a flood of perspiration.

"I did absolutely nothing else but hunt for food, and there was, in fact, nothing for me to do. Crabs were the

handiest foodstuff, but I soon grew sick of the creatures and their everlasting smell.

"It was crabs for breakfast, crabs for dinner, crabs for supper. Then it was crabs to talk with, crabs to play with, crabs to fight with, crabs to sleep with, until I began to think I was a crab myself, and would go down on all fours and romp with them in the little pools between the rocks.

"But there were other things I used to get sometimes for a change.

"There was a quaint delicacy in the way of a fish which looked to me just like a match-box with a tail. I used to have these as a side dish, and sometimes I would cook a few wild birds, which I learnt to catch. But it was mostly crabs. I had long since discarded all my clothes. Crabs are not particular about appearances, and sometimes the heat drove me into the sea, where I would stand almost all day up to my neck in the water, which was like a hot bath from the sun.

"Sometimes I thought I could see a sail; but I think it was only my distorted imagination. I would wave my shredded shirt in the wind, and make myself hoarse with frantic hailing; but only the crabs heard me, and they would come and stare and gambol round my feet.

"Then I got to playing catch-ball with the crabs; but unless the wind was high enough to carry off their smell, I did not go on long. Even the water in the lagoon seemed to taste of the beasts at last, although here again I think it was mostly imagination.

"I had two potatoes left over from my store, and one day I planted these, and hoped to have a garden to look after. But they died. There was no vegetation on the island to speak of.

"And so the months rolled by, and after a year had passed I lost all count of time. I think the perpetual watching of the waters, and the odour of the countless crabs, upset my nerves, for I hardly remember any more that happened. It was hateful, and certainly not romantic.

"About eighteen months must have passed before I was rescued from my desert island. The *Stilehampton* had never returned, and the owners had sent out a search party."

Here the story ended, and the sad-looking man shuffled down the stairs muttering something about Robinson Crusoe and desert islands, which, from what I could hear, was not complimentary.

BENEVOLENT INDIVIDUAL: "Yes, sir; I hold that when a man makes a little extra money his first duty is to make his wife a present of a handsome dress."

Stranger: "You are a social philosopher, I presume."
"No, sir; I am a milliner."

A RECITATION-ROOM SCENE.—Professor in history to non-attentive senior: "Mr. —, how long did the Thirty Years' War last?"

N. A. S.: "About sixteen years, I think, sir."
Applause on the part of attentive seniors.

A LECTURER was talking to a Kimberley audience on the subject of the tariff. Said he: "Take whisky, for instance," when every man in the audience rose with the remark, "Thank you, don't care if I do."

And the lecturer had to stand treat or die.

WIDOW (who has received news of her husband's demise in the far West): "And how did poor William meet his death?"

Western Friend: "He didn't meet it at all, ma'am. The boys had ter chase him ten miles before they could catch him and put the rope round his neck."

AN artist declares that a newly-betrothed lover commissioned him to paint a certain secluded nook in the rocks on the shore, because there he had declared his passion. The picture was painted, but before it was done the lover said to the artist:

"Of course, I will see you through on that picture, but my engagement is off, and, of course, it would be painfully suggestive to me. If you can sell it to somebody else I will take another picture, and be extremely obliged besides."

The painter assented to the arrangement, but within a week his patron presented himself.

"It is all right," he announced joyously. "I'll take that picture."

"Am I to congratulate you on the renewal of your engagement?" the artist asked.

The other seemed a little confused, but quickly recovered his self-possession, and grinned as he said:

"Well, not exactly. It was the same place, but the girl was different."

SEARCH S S T S N
L H O C W
I O R I S
G R I E
H R E S
T T E S Y

WELL ILLUSTRATED.

A SOMERSETSHIRE maiden, strolling with her bean one moonlight night, was so overcome with the emotion of affection that she stopped short, and laying her head on her lover's shoulder, whispered in dulcet accents: "Oi zay, Jargo, do'st really love Oi?"

"Ees," replied George, with a look expressive of intense devotion. "Oi loves thee so mooch that Oi could eat thee up in little snacks loike chunks ov park, either roast, biled, vried, or ror, without salt, or mustard, an' wash thee down my throat with great zups of zider!"

ARRESTING A TRAIN.

THERE is nothing novel in the arrest of persons while travelling in trains, but it is rather a new thing to arrest the train which contains the people. But that, like so many other new things, has been accomplished in America.

A former railway employé obtained £3,000 damages for personal injury against his company—the Eastern Minnesota Railroad. The company would not pay, so the sheriff put in an execution and seized a train full of people—an engine, six carriages, a restaurant car, and two luggage cars.

The result was that the company had to ask another line if they had such a thing as a train they could lend them for a few hours. But what is the successful litigant going to do with his train? He cannot keep it in his back-yard, and it is too large for his children to play with.

Probably, from mere clannishness, no railway company will buy the train; and, unless the delinquent company is ready to purchase it back, the judgment debtor seems likely to stand out of his money, and to have a white elephant on his hands besides.

VIEWED FROM A GINGER-BEER POINT.

ON a recent visit to the Lake district, an artist was standing on the main road, contemplating the sunset. The heavens seemed flooded with golden and purple light, and field, mountain, and lake glittered with the reflected glories of the sky. The artist stood mute with rapture, carefully noting the changing and intermingling hues. Just then he perceived a person standing by his side, and, turning to him, exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"What a magnificent picture you have here!"

"Whereabouts?" was the indifferent reply.

"Look all around," said the artist—"these mountains, the lakes, the setting sun. What picture can surpass such a view?"

He said this with a spice of vexation and disappointment at the stranger's want of sympathy with the scene.

"Why, yes," said the stranger, "I have often thought that if—" he paused, and looked round for a moment, and the artist began to feel that perhaps he had done an injustice to the unimaginative gentleman, and turned eagerly towards him, in anticipation of some fine sentiment inspired by the prospect. "Why, yes," continued the stranger, "I often thought that if I was to set up a ginger-beer stand here it wouldn't pay very bad, 'cause lots of folk travel along this neighbourhood."

JEWELS ON THE HIRE SYSTEM.

IT has often been a matter for wonder how ladies, whose limited means are well known, manage to display so much valuable jewellery and diamonds on great occasions. The explanation usually given is that they are heirlooms and cannot for this reason be disposed of by the impecunious, but the truth of the matter is that a great quantity of the gems which one sees at fashionable entertainments are borrowed goods. A jeweller who does some business in this direction was good enough the other day to give me some particulars on the subject.

"Scores of ladies in society," said he, "wear little else than borrowed ornaments when they are present at a State concert or State ball, or, for the matter of that, when they are in public. They have the loan of them from their jeweller, who charges them a small sum for the convenience. Hardly a week passes in the season but I lend a dozen diamond ornaments for use at balls and dinners."

"Of course I only lend them to regular customers, and then I do so in the hope that they will soon favour me with an order. As a matter of fact I regard it as an advertisement for my firm. I could name many a well-known lady credited with the possession of almost unlimited diamonds whose jewel-case is practically empty."

"I have never lost any gems in this way, but once I found two ladies wearing my jewellery when they ought not to have been. Wishing to be present at a swell concert, and having no ornaments to speak of, they resorted to trickery."

"They wrote and requested me to submit to them, with a view to purchase, a diamond tiara and a necklace of large pearls. I sent one of my assistants with them, and he was foolish enough to leave them until the following morning. In the evening I happened to be present at the same concert, and saw my property creating no little sensation among the fair sex."

WILLING TO PAY IN TRADE.

SAID a solicitor to an acquaintance of mine: "Lawyers meet with some funny cases. A man who is somewhat distinguished in criminal annals as an export pick-pocket once asked a friend of mine to take a case for him."

"Where's your money?" inquired my friend. "I haven't got any," was the reply, "but if you'll promise to do the business for me I'll go out and get a watch for you in five minutes."

THE WORK OF SALVATION.

MRS. PODUNKER: "Seems to me 'tisn't exactly right to be addin' so much water to the milk, 'specially on Sunday morning."

Podunker (milkman): "Why, Miranda, you wouldn't stand in the way of salvation, would you?"

"Of course not."

"Well, don't ye know one half o' them what goes to church never hears a word, because they're asleep an' anorin' in their pews? It's shameful!"

"Indeed it is. But they shouldn't fall asleep."

"They can't help it, Miranda. Give people rich milk an' they're bound to feel sleepy. It's worse than opium. Pump a little more, Miranda."

HOW OUR VOICES SOUND.

PEOPLE never hear their own voices as others hear them. Voices are conveyed to the auditory nerve not only through the outside ear, but more directly from the inside, through the Eustachian tube as well as through the muscles and bones of the mouth and head.

The singer not only hears his own voice from a different quarter, as we may say, but he hears besides the contraction of his own muscles. The fact is well illustrated by the phonograph. A listener can recognise other people's voices; but if he speaks into the phonograph, and afterwards reproduces his own voice, it does not sound at all like itself to him.

A free pardon, after this explanation, may be more readily accorded to certain persons in every one's circles of acquaintance who insist upon obliging with a song. They know not what they do.

WHY HE SMILED A SICKLY SMILE.

A MEMBER of the London Stock Exchange was married a short time ago, and, of course, the first time he appeared on 'Change after his honeymoon, he was subjected to many congratulations and much good-natured bantering. One of his friends, after congratulating him, suddenly reached over and took a long, brown hair from his shoulder.

"Looks bad in a married man, Ticker," he exclaimed, holding it up to the light.

"Oh, that's all right," replied Ticker, smiling; "it's my wife's."

"No, no; that won't do," responded the friend: "your wife's hair is darker than that."

This made Ticker a trifle angry, and he exclaimed excitedly: "I tell you it's my wife's. I fancy I know my wife's hair when I see it."

"Well, you certainly ought to," said the friend, gazing intently at it. "But are you sure it's your wife's?"

"Sure? Of course I am. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought perhaps there might be some mistake. You see I found it on Brown's shoulder just before I saw you."

CAUGHT BY THE BATTERY.

"I ONCE went up the Amazon and Orinoco rivers on an animal-capturing expedition," said an old showman. "I got quite a collection of snakes, birds, and monkeys. I hit on a novel plan for the capture of the latter, and it worked like a charm."

"A monkey is a greater imitator than a Chinaman. He will do anything he sees done, and that is what gets so many of his kind into the cage. I rigged up an electric battery, and attached it to an apparatus that would allow a score of the Simians to get hold of it. I then took a party of natives, and went into the forest where there were troops of monkeys."

"We put the apparatus down, attached the wire, and removed the battery to a considerable distance. The natives then took hold of the apparatus, danced and yelled, and then retired. The monkeys made a dash for it. Half-a-dozen caught hold, and I turned on the current. They began to shriek and squirm, but the others thought their performance a part of the programme, and fairly fell over each other to get hold of the machine."

"I could have caught the whole troop if they could have got hold of the concern. We then made a descent on them with sacks, and soon had a score of them safe. But it would only work once. We tried it a month afterwards at a point fifty miles distant, but not a monkey came off his perch in the trees. They viewed the proceedings without any apparent desire to imitate our war dance around the machine."

AWKWARD.

THERE is such a thing as being too persistently complimentary. A candid and well-meaning professor, who had witnessed the performance of a little play in a private house, in which his hostess had taken the leading part, met the lady as she came from behind the curtain.

"Madam," he said, rushing up to her, "you played excellently. The part fits you to perfection."

"Oh, no, professor," said the lady modestly, "a young and pretty woman is needed for that part."

"But, madam," persisted the professor, "you have positively proved the contrary!"

A LACK OF SENSE.

SOME animals exhibit a queer lack of sense. Put a buzzard in a pen about six feet square, and open at the top, and it is as much a prisoner as though it were shut up in a box. This is because buzzards always begin their flight by taking a short run, and they either cannot or will not attempt to fly unless they can do so.

Again, take a common humble-bee and put it in a glass. It will remain a prisoner for hours, trying to escape through the sides, without ever thinking of escaping from the top.

So, also, a bat cannot rise from a perfectly level surface. Although it is remarkably nimble in its flight when once on the wing, and can fly for many hours at a time without taking the least rest, if placed on the floor it is absolutely unable to use its wings.

The only thing it can do is to shuffle helplessly and painfully along until it reaches some trifling elevation, from which it can throw itself into the air, when at once it is off like a flash.

SOME FREAKS OF THE HAIR.

ONE of the most curious of the numerous abnormalities manifested in the human hair is albinism. Dr. Bartholin gives a good instance, that of a child born with one-half of its head covered with white hair and the other half covered with jet black.

Sibley mentions a parallel case, with this difference, that the combination in the Somersetshire girl he saw was black and red instead of black and white.

The same physician details another example of this peculiar condition. He saw a youth who had the hair on the right side of the head long, straight, and brown, and that on the left side short, woolly, and black. Here, however, the explanation is simple. The youth's father was a white man, while his mother was a negro. The same thing has been observed when the father is a negro and the mother white.

Dr. Rizzoli mentions a curious case of partial albinism which showed itself in another form—that of a lock of long white hair growing from the top of the forehead, while the rest of the hair of the head was of a dark colour. This white lock, it is asserted, had been congenital in the one family for over two hundred years. Twenty-three individuals in six generations had each borne the distinguishing mark.

We have heard of a young man who had his peculiar characteristic in a patch of white hair on the eyebrow, and another streak of the same colour one inch wide and three inches long across his scalp near the middle of the head.

A REAL ROMANCE.

THERE has been no more courageous woman than the American wife of the Italian patriot Garibaldi. Her maiden name was Anita Riveiro, and she first saw the light in Santa Caterina, South America. Garibaldi met her in the luxuriance of that tropical region. "Here," said he, enthusiastically, "is Nature's youth and humanity's dawn."

His ship lay anchored off the coast, and at last, unable to wait longer, he rowed ashore, and said to this fair young southerner:

"You shall be mine!"

She became his after this imperious wooing, and accompanied him in all his career.

And what a career! Truly she was a modern Amazon. She stood by him in many a bloody battle, firing her rifle with the rest. She even drove some cowardly sailors into conflict at the sword's point, and rushed to death as men to a feast-hall.

Upon one occasion she took command of the vessel during Garibaldi's enforced absence, and when he returned, the thunder of the guns had already commenced. Of all the officers of these ships, he and Anita alone were left.

Upon land she mounted a horse, and was first in the field. At St. Vittoria she threw down her sword to nurse the sick and bandage the wounded. Her horse was shot dead beneath her at Taquari. And when troops besieged the home of these daring spirits, she took her babe, twelve days old, and successfully escaped.

But the end came. Hunted from place to place, torn by terrible pangs, weakened by hunger, she died in the arms of her agonised husband. Many years after he brought her beloved dust to Nice, and there this intrepid woman now reposes. Is not fact stranger than fiction? Where is the story or legend which outrivals this true history of a nineteenth-century woman?

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

Isobel will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Elderly People should take Coffee at breakfast, during the winter months especially, for it aids the circulation and is most sustaining.

Fat and Suet will keep for a long time if finely shredded, mixed with flour, and put in a cool dry place. Great care should always be taken that suet is chopped very finely before being added to puddings.

Medicated Gingerbread. Take a pound of flour, work into it four ounces of butter or dripping, two ounces of sugar, six drachms of jalap, half an ounce of ground ginger, three quarters of a pound of treacle, with the grated rind of one or two lemons. Divide into sixty gingerbread biscuits and bake as usual. (Reply to AMESBURY.)

To Bleach your Discoloured Linen follow this recipe:—Pour one pint of boiling water on to a large tablespoonful of borax. When quite dissolved make the quantity of water up to one gallon, and dip the discoloured articles in it. Place them quite wet on a line, or better still on a grass plot, in the sun. Repeat the process as the articles dry till the colour improves. Leave the linen out all night, and if there is a frost so much the better. (Reply to NEMO.)

Mince-meat Fritters. Make a nice batter of four ounces of flour, stir in gradually one tablespoonful of salad oil and a gill of tepid water. Beat the whites of one or two eggs to a stiff froth and stir into the batter. Stand the batter for about three hours. With half a pound of meat minced fine, mix two ounces of bread-crumbs, one egg well beaten, and the juice of a small lemon. Make into flat thin cakes, dip into the batter, and fry in boiling fat to a nice golden colour. Serve very hot on a napkin.

Marmalade Pudding comes in very useful just now, when fruit is fast becoming scarce. Take four ounces each of flour, bread-crumbs, suet, sugar, and marmalade, mix well, and add a teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat an egg well, add a pinch of salt and a little milk. Mix the pudding to a light dough with the egg and milk, place in a greased basin, and steam for three hours. The water should be quite two inches below the top of the mould, for should any boil over into the pudding it will spoil it.

Stuffed Haddock is a dish I have very constantly, and feel sure you will like my recipe, and find it equal to what you tasted in Yorkshire. Wash and clean the fish, and dry in a cloth. Make some forcemeat in these proportions, fill the stomach of the fish, and sew it up. Take two tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, one dessertspoonful of parsley, ditto mixed herbs, one and a half ounces of suet, pepper, and salt. Truss the fish in the shape of the letter S. Sprinkle bread-crumbs over it, and bake it for half an hour, basting it frequently with dripping. Before serving, remove the cotton which sewed up the fish. Serve with thick brown gravy and slices of lemon.

An Economical Dinner. Split open a sheep's head, remove the brains and tongue, and then place the head to soak in tepid salt and water. Drain it, tie the two halves together, and roast, basting well with dripping for about two hours. Whole potatoes baked beneath it are a nice addition. Boil the tongue separately. Boil the brains, make them into a sauce by mashing them up with a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, butter, pepper, and salt. Stir the brains, etc., over a slow fire in a stewpan. When quite hot, pour over the tongue, and serve. In another dish serve the head with baked potatoes round it, and a little thick brown gravy poured over it. This is a delicious dish, besides being economical.

Pins for Babies. The practice of using common pins in children's clothing is really nothing less than barbarous. There are some instances where a safety pin may be used, but for the most permanent fastenings in the child's clothes tapes and buttons are all that is necessary. It is cruel to subject the baby to the risk of being pricked and scratched by torturing pins, when by a little care and trouble on the part of the mother or nurse all this may be entirely avoided. I have known instances of a child being restless all day, and the cause could not be discovered till on being undressed a nasty sore scratch has been found. A pin had, of course, been put into an incomplete garment in a hurry and to save trouble. If a needle and thread is kept in a corner of baby's basket, the proverbial "stitch in time" may be put in, and save the little one much discomfort and pain.

Table Salt, which is dried for the table, should be allowed to grow cold before being placed in the salt-cellars. If this is not done the salt cakes together in lumps.

Cutting Butter in Very Cold Weather. When cutting a slice of butter from a large roll in cold weather, first dip the knife into hot water, when all trouble of breaking the butter will be avoided.

Clean White Felt Hats by brushing carefully over the hat with a paste made of arrowroot or magnesia, mixed with cold water. Allow it to dry thoroughly and then brush off. Two applications may be necessary if the hat is very soiled. (Reply to WARDEN O—.)

Lentil Curry. Soak half a pound of lentils for twenty-four hours. Fry a few onions till brown, then add the lentils, pepper, salt, and a pint of water. Simmer all well together for over two hours, then add a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and a dessert-spoonful of curry powder. Mix well together, and serve with boiled rice.

Beetroot à la Crème. Cut two boiled beet-roots into small pieces, place in a stewpan one teaspoonful of milk, one ounce of butter, and the yolk of an egg; add salt and pepper to taste. Thicken with a little flour, add the beetroot, stew for ten minutes, and serve. I am glad you find my recipes so useful. (Reply to BOSTONIAN.)

To Polish Piano Keys. Dissolve half an ounce of fine white wax, shredded small, with turpentine by heat, till it becomes of the consistency of cream. Apply a small quantity of this to the keys with a flannel and polish by rubbing well with soft rags. This recipe I have given to several of my correspondents, and they have been delighted with it. (Reply to SOPHIA.)

To Prevent Metals Rusting. Many of my readers are shutting up their houses, preparatory to wintering in a town or warmer places, and I know are troubled as to how to keep various metals from rusting, so may be glad of this recipe. Melt two ounces of resin in half a pint of linseed oil; whilst still hot mix it with two quarts of paraffin. This should be applied with rags to any implement to be laid by for a while.

On Furs. Just now many of my readers are, doubtless, buying furs, so a hint as to how to select a good article will be useful. A sure test of good fur is the length and density of the down next to the skin, and to determine this blow briskly against the fur. If this exposes the skin speedily to the view reject the article, but if the down is dense enough to hide the skin, or nearly so, purchase, for you will have an article that is of superior quality, which will wear well.

Try this Treatment for Chilblains. Soak the feet and hands twice or thrice a week in hot water, which has common salt dissolved in it in the proportion of half a pint measure of salt to a gallon and a half of water. This is not only a cure, but a preventative. Apply at night this ointment spread on soft rag. Cut up two white turnips, and mash them with three large spoonfuls of good lard. If possible, pound the two well together in a marble mortar. (Reply to A. B. O.)

To Black a Kitchen Range. First wash off all grease spots with soap-suds, and, if there are any rough rusty places or spots where something has burnt on the stove, rub it well with a bit of coarse sand-paper. Mix the blacklead to the consistency of cream with vinegar or cold water. Apply this to the cool stove, and when nearly dry polish with a stiff brush. My readers should all remember that if a stove is black-leaded whilst it is hot it burns on and will not take the necessary polish, and the brushes are quickly spoilt.

Pears for Winter Use. Small pears which show no tendency to ripen can be made into a delicious dessert dish by cooking in this way:—Boil one and a half pints of water with three pounds of loaf sugar to a syrup, peel the pears and add to the syrup, stew gently till tender. Flavour with cloves and cinnamon to taste. Place the pears in jars with barely enough syrup to cover them, for it will be increased with the juice from the pears. Cover the pears with bladder, and keep in a dry cool place for winter use.

Yorkshire Pork Pies. Make a short crust with three-quarters of a pound of flour and six ounces of lard. Knead into a stiff dough with cold water. Roll out the pastry about a quarter of an inch thick, line the tins with it, and fill them with pork, prepared thus:—Cut up a pound of pork, fat and lean, in small square pieces, season with a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper and the same of allspice. Cover the pies with paste, wet the edges and press firmly together. Ornament the top and make a hole in the centre. Brush over with egg and bake in a moderate oven. (Reply to WILD ROSE.)

Two Invisible Inks which are colourless, but turn yellow on being heated, are the following:—1. Saltpetre dissolved in a large quantity of water. 2. Sulphate of copper and sal ammoniac, equal parts dissolved in water. (Reply to SIGMA.)

To Keep Plated Goods bright when stored away. First have the plate well cleaned and all spots removed. Wrap in silver paper, and place in an air-tight box with a large piece of camphor. Plated goods will always tarnish if stored in a damp place. (Reply to SIGMA.)

Caper Sauce. Place two ounces of butter in a small saucepan, and when it is melted stir in a large tablespoonful of flour, add about half a pint of water, and stir till it thickens and leaves the edges of the pan. Add chopped capers and serve. If this sauce is too extravagant for you, add less butter. (Reply to A. R. E. N.)

Thick Milk is a breakfast dish that I find popular with children. Make it thus, and serve it with brown sugar or treacle:—Boil one pint of milk, and pour it on to a tablespoonful of flour, wet with a little cold milk, and make into a smooth paste. Boil the flour and milk for ten minutes, stirring all the time; add a little salt in cooking. (Reply to MATER.)

How to Make Soap Balls. Cut up some good yellow soap and place in a jar, which should stand in a saucepan of boiling water. When the soap is melted, stir in well-washed silver sand until it is pretty stiff. Take off the fire and add two or three tablespoonfuls of glycerine. When getting cool and stiff, make into balls the size of an orange. When cold, they should be wrapped in nice paper and stored away. If the hands are stained and rough, these balls will do a great deal to restore them to their former whiteness and smoothness. (Reply to READER.)

London Toffee. The following is the recipe you wish for. Place in a china-lined saucepan half a pound of treacle, half a pound of Demarara sugar, and four ounces of butter, which should be broken into small pieces. Place the saucepan on a clear fire, and stir slowly, till all the ingredients are well mixed. After this, boil slowly for half an hour, but do not stir often, or the sugar will granulate, and your chance of making toffee will be gone. The juice of half a lemon is a nice flavouring. When nearly done, test the toffee by dropping a little into cold water, and if it crisps pour into a buttered tin. (Reply to SCOTT.)

To Get Up Collars and Cuffs. First wash the articles perfectly clean and rinse well, make boiled starch as usual and cook it slowly for nearly half an hour. Use no cold starch and do not sprinkle, but when the collars, etc., are dry, spread them on a damp cloth for a couple of hours. Iron first on the wrong side, then on the right, pressing the iron firmly to produce a nice gloss. If a polishing iron is used, press the heel of it on to the surface and the pressure must be even. This preparation is recommended by some to produce a gloss on starched goods. Dissolve slowly over the fire one ounce of the best white wax, one ounce of spermaceti, and a dessertspoonful of common salt. Place in a wet mould to cool. To every ounce of dry starch used, add a piece of this mixture, the size of a nut. (Reply to ANNIE ROONEY and MARY ANNE.)

Isobel

ADVERTISEMENT SCALE.

	Single column, per inch per insertion	Double
Full page "inside," facing page of matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion	70 0 0	3 0 0
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All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, Oct. 26, if intended for the Issue on sale Nov. 11, and dated Nov. 18.

Counting Competition and other objectionable advertisements are not inserted.

The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to the other insertions on order.

1893. MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1894. JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.
S 7 14 21 28 M 8 15 22 29 T 9 16 23 30 W 10 17 24 31 T 11 18 25 F 12 19 26 S 13 20 27	S 4 11 18 25 M 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27 W 7 14 21 28 T 8 15 22 29 F 9 16 23 30 S 10 17 24	S 5 12 19 26 M 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 W 8 15 22 29 T 9 16 23 30 F 10 17 24 31 S 11 18 25	S 6 13 20 27 M 7 14 21 28 T 8 15 22 29 W 9 16 23 30 T 10 17 24 31 F 11 18 25 S 12 19 26	S 13 20 27 M 14 21 28 T 15 22 29 W 16 23 30 T 17 24 31 F 18 25 S 19 26	S 14 21 28 M 15 22 29 T 16 23 30 W 17 24 31 T 18 25 F 19 26 S 20 27	S 15 22 29 M 16 23 30 T 17 24 31 W 18 25 T 19 26 F 20 27 S 21 28	S 16 23 30 M 17 24 31 T 18 25 W 19 26 T 20 27 F 21 28 S 22 29	S 17 24 31 M 18 25 T 19 26 W 20 27 T 21 28 F 22 29 S 23 30	S 18 25 M 19 26 T 20 27 W 21 28 T 22 29 F 23 30 S 24 31	S 19 26 M 20 27 T 21 28 W 22 29 T 23 30 F 24 31 S 25 32	S 20 27 M 21 28 T 22 29 W 23 30 T 24 31 F 25 32 S 26 33

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD:

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

THE letters which form the sentence, "GIRLS CAN GO INTO TEA" make an English word. A pencil case to the first person who sends a correct answer, and to every twenty-fifth afterwards until fifty have been given away. To the 100th, 200th, 300th, 400th, and 500th correct persons will be forwarded a P.W. clock. Post-cards only, please.

H. A. H. suggests that somewhere in P.W. the address of the paper should appear, as he is sure it would be a great convenience to many readers. Considering that the address appears no fewer than seven times we don't know what more H. A. H. wants us to do beyond advising him to buy a pair of spectacles.

A COTTAGER.—The best kind of cow you can keep is a Kerry. For good all round usefulness no other breed can beat them. They produce the greatest quantity of milk and butter in proportion to the food they eat, and they can keep themselves on the rough growth of our country lanes and commons, where an Alderney or a Shorthorn would starve. The Kerry is hardy, easily supported, and essentially the poor man's cow. I've recently got some myself, as I live on poor soil which produces indifferent feed, and I am exceedingly well satisfied with them.

H. A. P. asks: What is the best position to take up in case of a railway collision?—One does not as a rule have much time for arranging oneself either gracefully or usefully. But if there is time, then by all means lie down at full length on a seat, or, if the other passengers object to your turning them off, place your feet on the cushions opposite. The legs are most usually broken by the seats telescoping together. This is about the only precaution that can be taken, except the selection of a fat fellow-traveller to be squashed against.

MR. ERNEST GAZE, of Cheltenham, writes giving an instance of the value of minutes. He was looking over a large carpet manufactory a week or two ago with a party of ladies, and after examining every nook and cranny of the establishment came upon a door which bore the inscription: "Positively no admittance." This was the entrance to the work-room in which 150 women were toiling. The gentleman who was showing them round explained that on the entrance of a stranger each woman wasted on an average two minutes by looking up. Now, 150 women at two minutes each represents a total waste of five hours, which is altogether too great a loss to sustain in order to satisfy the curiosity of a few visitors.

K. L. writes:

This is a small world of ours. I was over in Berlin the other day and went into a travelling show where a number of Zulus were being exhibited. I have travelled a lot in South Africa, and was glad to get into conversation with some of the men. The face of one of them appeared strangely familiar, and the man seemed to try and avoid me as much as possible. This made me suspicious, and, after a little hard thinking, I remembered him as having worked for me in Natal, and run away with a pair of trousers belonging to my brother!

H. T. in the course of a long letter on the horrors of intemperance remarks: "Statistics prove beyond all doubt that 100,000 persons are killed by whisky, where one person is killed by a mad dog."—Now, I ask you candidly, H. T., which would you rather tackle, a glass of whisky or a mad dog?

H. J. K. asks why blackberries are not cultivated for the market, considering how much most people appreciate them and how wholesome they are.—I cannot imagine. With very little trouble blackberries could be brought to a size resembling mulberries and a flavour as superior to that of the wild variety as the flavour of the cultivated raspberry is to that of the wild raspberry. It is particularly curious, as in America the blackberry is one of the favourite garden fruits, and is cultivated most assiduously and with the best possible results.

LEADER.—A great auk's egg was sold by public auction in Covent Garden for £225 about five years ago. This is, I believe, the highest price that has ever been paid for a single egg.

BUNFORD has seen it stated that cows' milk is not considered good to drink in Siam, and he wonders if such a thing can be.—Certainly. And it is curious that such a very mistaken idea has never been corrected, especially when we bear in mind that the King is a great upholder of all European customs, and loves to introduce them into his dominions.

F. C. G. sends me a most curious account of an old maiden aunt of his who, having lived in comparative poverty all her life, has just succeeded to a fortune of half a million sterling. The only difference she makes in her way of living is to have sugar in her tea, to drink it out of a china cup instead of a common earthenware one, and to put threepence instead of a penny into the offertory every Sunday morning. What do you think of that?

FRESH AIR FUND.—Amount previously acknowledged:—
£1,652 1s. 7½d.

Each on Bank, 10s. 6d.; First 10s. 6d.; Watch, 20s. 6d.; J. M. B. 10s.

The following amounts have been collected:—

£100, 10s. 6d.; European Royal Engineers, 10s. 6d.; G. B. 10s. 6d.; S. 10s. 6d.; R. 10s. 6d.; H. 10s. 6d.; B. 10s. 6d.

Grand Total, £1,654 5s. 5½d.

(which includes the £200 given by the R.S.U. and P.W. for working expenses).

This closes the Fund for the present year. Any other amounts that may come in will be carried over to 1894.

F. H. S.—It is impossible, even by comparison, to give you any idea of the size of the Great Wall of China. It must have been something beyond all understanding. For instance, it has been calculated that if every brick, every hewn stone, indeed all the building materials in Great Britain, were gathered together, they would not furnish a sufficient supply to build a duplicate. All the houses, all the workshops, all the palaces of London, as it is to-day, would not have built even the towers and the little turrets of that colossal monument of human enterprise.

THE other day a paragraph appeared in P. W. about the crookedness of the spire on Chesterfield Church, a block of which we append. H. G. M. writes to say that there is a legend in connection with it, but he cannot vouch for the accuracy of the facts. It is said that the builder, finding on completion of the edifice, minus the spire, that he would lose money by the addition of that very ornamental but unnecessary adjunct, refused point blank to erect it, but on contesting the case in the law courts found that he would have to do so. As the contract did not specify what sort of spire, he determined to have his revenge, and built one on a sort of screw principle, so that which ever way you looked at it the thing would appear to be bent.



D. A. P. asks if it were possible to remove a tiny bit on each side of the shell of an egg, and to fill up the holes with glass without injuring the membrane, could one watch a little chicken forming with the naked eye?

Certainly. A French scientist has succeeded in doing this, and watching the process of formation. A description of his experiment was published in an early number of P. W. The lineaments of the head and body were the first to appear. After twenty-four hours the heart began to beat, in another day two vessels of blood were distinguished. At the end of seventy hours the wings appeared, and then two bubbles for the brain and one for the bill. The liver first became visible at the end of the fifth day, and soon after the first voluntary motion was observed. Then the lungs and stomach began to form and the slimy matter of the brain to settle down and harden. After this the flesh began to appear on the breast and the ribs to shoot out from the back. The feathers were seen to sprout before the eyes appeared. The last process of all was the drawing of the spleen to the stomach and the lungs to the chest.

JENNY P. writes: "Will you please be kind enough to tell me if bread can be made with sea-water, and if so, are there any benefits to be derived from eating a loaf of the kind?"—My first impulse was to smile at your query, JENNY P., but the smile soon died out, for on inquiry I find that bread made in the fashion you describe is exceedingly nourishing, and especially so for those persons who suffer from wasting diseases. The bread is not at all salt, but, oddly enough, has a sweetish taste. Of course, the sea-water is allowed to stand undisturbed for a long time before being mixed with the flour, so that all impurities may have an opportunity of sinking.

PULQUE, FELICITY, is the national beer of Mexico. You have spelt it wrongly in your letter. It is pronounced "pulky." It is the juice of the century plant and must be consumed the same day it is gathered, otherwise it will go bad. It is sticky and strong smelling, and the way in which it is doled out at beershops is enough to make a Britisher jump to the conclusion that in point of dirtiness the Mexican barman is without an equal in the wide world.

G. M. B.—Your invention must be actually on the market before it can be noticed under the heading SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE. The insertion of every notice is likely to result in very numerous applications to the inventor from readers, and it would be folly to publish particulars of any saleable article before it was obtainable. I have stated over and over again that no charge is made for inserting notices of this kind.

REFERRING to a recent clerical yarn in P. W. HARRY writes:—

A friend of mine preached for the first time in a little Kentish village not far from Maidstone, and during the sermon had occasion to make use of the word "optics." At the close of the service a burly farmer clutched the divine by the hand, and congratulated him on the manner in which he had conducted the prayers, adding, however, that he made a little mistake in one word. "But, Lor' bless yer," he concluded, "we understands what yer mean." Being pressed for an explanation, he elucidated the matter by saying in a confidential whisper, "Well, sir, what you calls 'hop-sticks' we calls 'hop-poles' down in these parts!"

THE "Criterion" Lodge of Good Templars, Liverpool, the other evening had to my mind a very novel and interesting evening together. Amongst the members of the lodge it was known as "An Evening with Pearson's Weekly." The secretary was sent a bundle of back numbers of P. W. of uniform date, and each member was supplied with one in order that he might take it home and study the contents with a view to selecting what he considered the best item. On the evening appointed the lodge met together, each member was called upon to read what he had selected, and the secretary writes to say that "the meeting was a most interesting and successful one."—If the secretary of any other lodge cares to write for back numbers for the same purpose, I shall be very pleased to forward some.

J. N. would like to know particulars of the most wonderful escape from death on record.—This is a big order, my friend, and has entailed the turning up of a huge number of reference books. However, the escape of Lord Hatton from Guernsey Castle seems to come first on the list. One stormy night the castle was blown up with gunpowder, and the whole of the occupants killed with the exception of Lord Hatton, who was hurled up in his bed on to the top of a high precipice. Dazed and half asleep he was about to get out of bed to see what was the matter, when a flash of lightning revealed the abyss into which he had almost trodden.

THERE is a question which one often hears discussed in an office. Should the word "net," meaning clear of all deductions or charges, be spelled with one or two "t's"? W. A. S. puts this point to me, and I can only answer, it is absolutely immaterial. Correctly, it is true, there should only be one way, but long custom has made the use of two permissible. The word is a commercial adaptation of *net*, meaning without discount or other encumbrance.

WHY Covent Garden? says H. K.—It ought properly speaking, to be Covent Garden, for at one time the Monastery of St. Peter stood in the midst of what is now the busiest fruit, flower, and vegetable market in the world.

A. G. R. P.—There is no reason why heat in tropical countries should not be rendered endurable by some artificial means, just as cold is in this country and elsewhere rendered endurable by the combustion of fuel. For instance, the temperature of a building might be reduced to any extent by means of cold air introduced by flues from an icehouse. And even on the equator it is possible to make artificial ice on a large scale comparatively cheaply. So far as I am aware the most advanced step which has ever been taken in this direction was the introduction of punkas, which dates back some time before the Christian era.

The limited space in this page permits of only a very small fraction of the letters addressed to this office every week being answered in print, but any reader who encloses a stamped addressed envelope with his enquiry, will receive a reply through the post.

POSTAL RATES.

	Pearson's Weekly.	Short Stories.	Society News.	Search Light.	Industry.
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IF YOU SEE IT IN P.W., IT'S SO.

JOHN NOBLE'S HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES 10/6



FOR LADIES, direct from the Manufacturer to the Wearer by means of the Parcel Post, at less than ordinary prices, being a perfect revolution in the cost of garments for Ladies' wear.

Almost every paper in the United Kingdom has bestowed unlimited praise on these remarkable Costumes, which are made from John Noble's world-famed Cheviot Serge (described below) and supplied complete, as illustration, for the ridiculously low price of 10/6. Packed in Box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Colours: Navy, Brown, Grenat, Myrtle, Reseda, or Black.

Every Costume is well made throughout, no slop work whatever being allowed, and consists of a Blouse-shaped Bodice, pleated back and front, with full sleeves, bound seams, and belt attached; the raddle and sleeves are well lined, and the bodice can be worn inside or outside the skirt, which is a full stylish shape (40 inches long). The lower part of the skirt, and the cuffs, collar, and saddle of bodice are trimmed with rows of narrow Black Russia Braid, the whole thus forming one of the neatest and most serviceable Costumes ever introduced for Ladies' wear.

The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 34 inches round the bust under arms. Larger or special sizes made to order at a cost of 1/6 extra.

Don't make any mistake, John Noble's price, 10/6, is not for the mere Dress Length, but for the Complete Costume made up and ready for immediate wear.

KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS

Are also supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, every frock being well made and carefully finished, with saddle top, long full sleeves, belt, and pocket (as illustration).

Being loose fitting they thus allow for development of the limbs, and at such low prices that most ladies will be tempted to make the frocks for the money the materials were supplied free. Please note these prices:—

21	24	27	30	33	36	39	42	45	inches.
1/6	2/6	3/6	4/6	5/6	6/6	7/6	8/6	9/6	each.

Stage 4d. extra. Every purchaser delighted.

These frocks are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt.

The ladiesman says:—"How he can afford to do it, I cannot imagine, for the serge is of such capital quality."



JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (REGISTERED)

Undoubtedly the most successful Serge yet produced at a price for Ladies' and Children's wear. Many Serges are made at similar prices, but in almost every instance there is a peculiar appearance of the surface that stamps them as being of common or cheap character. The combination, however, of certain yarns used in the manufacture of the John Noble Cheviot Serge (the outcome of long and careful experiments) has resulted in the perfected production of a fabric that has NEVER BEEN EQUALLED AT THE PRICE; in fact, a Serge that, so far as wear and general appearance go, might reasonably be said to be worth anywhere between 2/6 and 3/6 the yard. The colours are perfectly fast, and do not spot with rain; every yard is beautifully finished, being carefully examined before it is allowed to leave the works; and last but not least this Serge may be washed whenever necessary. Being extra double width it cuts to the best advantage in making garments, and every reader of Pearson's will be able to secure

JOHN NOBLE holds the largest range of Serges known by anyone firm, and will have pleasure in forwarding Box of Patterns (on approval) Post free to any address.

It cuts to the best advantage in making garments, and every reader of Pearson's will be able to secure

Full Dress Length of Six Yards for 7/6

Length supplied at 1/6 the yard. Postage on one Dress Length 9d. extra, or Three Dress Lengths, carriage paid, for 2/6. Colours: Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Grenat, Reseda, Black, Cheviot and Postal Orders should be crossed Canliffes, Brooks & Co., and made payable to JOHN NOBLE, MANCHESTER.

Patterns of the John Noble Cheviot Serge and Illustrated Fashion Sheet of Costumes, &c., for Ladies' and Children's wear, sent, post free, with pleasure on application to the Sole Manufacturer

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FOR ALL Bilious & Nervous Disorders, SUCH AS SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, DISORDERED LIVER, AND FEMALE AILMENTS.

In Boxes, 9d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d each, with full directions.

The 1s. 1d. box contains 56 pills.

THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE PROPRIETOR—THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

RUBBER STAMPS—Your Monogram to mark Lines or Paper. Two letters, i.e., three is 6d.; say name, i.e., J. B. Beecham, and ink included. Postage free. Send 10d. extra. Agents Wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. P. W. HARTON & CO., 13 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS

Is warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex (acquired or constitutional), Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Guaranteed free from Mercury. Sold in Boxes, 6d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World; or sent to any address for 6d. stamps by the Makers, THE LANCET AND MIDLAND CONTINENTAL DRUG CO., LINCOLN.

Gold Guard

I hereby undertake to reward John Smith and you, and every reader of this paper, by giving away, gratis, freely, and unreservedly, this work, a valuable, long Auricular.

or neck chain. This chain is a marvel of workmanship, fifty inches in length, with spring spiral clasp, and consisting of over four hundred separate links. When worn, the brilliant effect produced is not surpassed by real gold chains which cost £10 and upwards. My object in giving away this guard as such an enormous outlay of capital, is because with each I shall include one of my splendidly illustrated catalogues, consisting of 120 pages of illustrations of my manufactures, which include watches from 1s. 6d. and magnificent chains from 1s. I have abolished all intermediate profits charged by the retailers.

Send for catalogue within ten days.

H. FARMER, Largest English Watch Manufacturer, 17, 19, and 101, Market Street, MANCHESTER.

Cut out this announcement from Pearson's Weekly, and enclose it. Write your name and full address clearly, and send 9 stamps to cover postage and cost of catalogue.

TOO FAT.

If you are too fat, take my "A. F." Pills. You may eat what you like, and drink what you like, yet I guarantee a permanent reduction, averaging 5 lbs. weekly. They are sugar coated, harmless, and free from any injurious effect. Pearl coated and tasteless. Price 2/6 4/6 and 11/6. From P. H. PEARSON, 2, Walworth Road, London, E.C.

gladly SEND FREE to anyone who may apply, a most valuable recipe which positively prevents the HAIR FALLING OUT. Will force Whiskers and Moustaches on the smoothest face or hair on the baldest head. Never fails. Send self addressed envelope.

F. W. REEVES, 179, NOEL STREET, NOTTINGHAM.

I WILL

KENTORA HOP BITTERS ALE

KENTORA LUNCH DINNER SUPPER A REFRESHER

KENTORA STOUT

KENTORA ALE & STOUT. NON-ALCOHOLIC.

NON-ALCOHOLIC.

"Kentora" Hop Bitters (Also called "Stout") is a perfect substitute for intoxicating drinks. "Kentora" is a clear stimulating beverage, with an agreeable hop flavour, and suitable for the dinner table.

LUNCH DINNER SUPPER A REFRESHER

Is not having "Kentora" sold in pints and halves. If any difficulty in obtaining, apply to Kentora Brewery, Nottingham, for name of nearest bottling agent.

S. PEACH & SONS' LACE CURTAINS

21/- 1893 POPULAR PARCEL 21/-

Contains 4 pairs of excellent quality Curtains, &c. Carriage Free.

Lot 577 Rec'd. 1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains 4 yds. long, 70 in. wide, 1 pair choice Dining-room Curtains, 3 yds. long, 66 in. wide; 1 pair rich Breakfast Room Curtains, 3 yds. long, 48 in. wide; 1 pair pretty Bed-room Curtains, 3 yds. long, 48 in. wide. All 4 yds. Edges. 1 Lady's Lace Handkerchief, 12 yds. Washing Crochet Lace, white; 3 Lace Doyles; 6 yds. of Point d'Esprit Lace, fine quality. Scraps sent if desired.

GIVE AWAY with every Popular Parcel, 1 of Peach's "Registered" Boiler Blinds, with valance attached. The whole lot sent, Carriage Paid, 21s. Money returned if not approved. Price List of 200 ILLUSTRATIONS of Lace Curtains, Coloured Drawings, Lace Handkerchiefs, Black Blinds, Floorcloths, Caps, Autumn Lace Novelties, &c. Sent post free, P.O.O.'s and Cheques payable to S. PEACH & SONS, Lister Gate, Nottingham. Established 1867.

LEMAIRE'S PILE SALVE

warranted to cure all kinds of Piles. Ease in a few hours. Sent post free for 2/6.

United Drug Supply Association, 116, Mt. Pleasant, Liverpool.

TOO STOUT.

ENOUGH SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT. If you are too stout take my Fat Pills. Speedy and permanent reduction guaranteed. No change in diet. Harmless, tasteless, no inconvenience. Improve health and figure. Price 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. post free, from P. W. JAMESON & NEWINGTON HALL, LONDON, E.C.

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One box of LEMAIRE'S DIGESTIVE PILLS is guaranteed to absolutely cure Indigestion. Immediate relief. Sent Post Free for 2/6. THE UNITED DRUG SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, 116, MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

BLUSHING.

Its simple and inexpensive cure by a lady who has cured herself. Pamphlet 3 stamps.—Mrs. P. W. HARGREAVES, 2, Newington Butts, London, E.C.

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Gentlemen who have been a dreadful sufferer from this terrible complaint will send full particulars of simple remedy that has cured him after every other treatment had failed. Absolute Cure. Post free on receipt of Postal Order for 2s. 6d. Address—Mr. JAS. THOMPSON, 21, Gloucester Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

One Box of DR. CAMPBELL'S HARMLESS ARSENIC WAFERS will produce the most rapid and complete cure of the most intractable cases of indigestion, no matter what condition it may be in now. Clear, fresh, free from Bileth, Hemorrhoids, Constipation, Headaches, or Pimples. Sent post free for 6d. & HARVEY (Dept. 5), 70, Victoria Road, London, E.W.

AC

Best

Harvey

PIANO LEARN'T IN A WEEK.

Why spend years in learning the Piano by the old method? When the MUSICAL INSTITUTE enables anyone to play beautifully by ear, and learn thousands of songs in one week. Post free 1/6 N.B.—By ordering at once you will receive 5. A.V.15 and post free two interesting books, published at 1/- each. W. KITCHEN, 10, Kenshaw Street, Liverpool. (Mention this paper.)

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No Truss in the world will remain or give relief like Dr. George's Magnetic Electric Truss. Worn with comfort Night & Day. It has cured thousands. Establish 1815. Perfect fitting trusses. Pamphlet mailed to any address. Write for it to-day! Postage to America 1/6. Address: Magnetic Electric Truss Co., 704 Sacramento Street, SAN FRANCISCO, U.S.A. In answering advertisement please mention this paper.

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Bilious & Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Flatulency, Laxative, and Want of Tone. In a Square Green Package. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS

Mild but Effective. Safest Family Medicine. Contains No Mercury. A Never-failing Remedy. Are Unequalled. In a Square Green Package. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HAIR DESTROYED

Permanently, without pain or injury to the tenderest skin. No matter how strong the growth may be naturally, or made so by tampering, I guarantee a certain hairless, and permanent cure. A trial will prove this. 2/6 sent free and free from observation, from P. H. PEARSON, 2, Walworth Road, London, E.C.

A BOON TO LADIES.

Dr. COLLIER'S MARVELOUS FEMALE REMEDY. The Surgeon will forward (free of charge) full Particulars of a Remedy which, during an extensive practice in England and the Colonies, has never known to fail in the most obstinate cases of Obstruction and irregularity. Forwarded enclosed envelope for full particulars, and waste no more time and money on useless Pills and so-called Remedies, &c. which, in the majority of cases, are nothing but Purgatives, and cause sickness, Prostration, and pain. Without having the desired effect. Letters to be addressed to—F. MCCONVILLE, The Surgeon's Secretary, Gothic House, Erskine Street, Liverpool.

BLUSHING.

Its Cause, Treatment, and a Rapid, Permanent, and Inexpensive Cure. Varnhagen's System explained by a qualified Specialist.—A. E. SMITH, 121, High Park Street, Liverpool.

LADIES' MEDICAL MISSION.

President — MONS. LATOUR, PARIS.

It is a well-known fact that thousands of women are SWINDLED, and CAUSED UNTOLED DISAPPOINTMENT by the tactics and spurious testimonials of the advertising FEMALE QUACKS. The knowledge of this is the outcome of this Mission, the object of which is to supply Females of all classes with RELIABLE MEDICINES and ADVICE for the numerous diseases and complications peculiar to the sex. As this Mission entirely supports itself the founders hope to receive the co-operation of the Female public. Advice on any subject Free on receipt of stamped directed envelope.

Address—THE LADY MANAGER, 116, MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

Madame Frain's FAMOUS FEMALE MIXTURE.

The most powerful and effective on earth. For the most obstinate cases. Will not injure the most delicate. Price 1s. 6d. (6/6 bottle). Post free 6d. extra. HERBAL INSTITUTE, 14, Hackney Road (opposite Shoreditch Church), London, E.C. Ladies send at once stamped Directed Envelope for particulars and proof. I will forfeit £100 for every testimonial that is not genuine, and they can be seen at any time.

Towle's Pennyroyal Steel Pills

Quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1/1 and 2/6 (the latter contains three times the quantity) of all Chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the maker. E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, NOTTINGHAM. Beware of Imitations, Injurious and Worthless.

PROCTOR'S HEMORRHOIDAL PILE CRYSTAL.

The only remedy known that will absolutely Cure Piles. Thousands of persons have been cured by its aid. It is a perfectly safe and certain remedy, and will certainly cure piles whether of constitutional tendency or arising from a sedentary habit. Sent to any address post paid for 16 stamps, by R. PROCTOR, CHEMIST (to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk), GLOSSOP; or any Chemist will obtain it from any of the following agents: Barclay, Newberry, Sutton, Lynch and Co., London; Evans and Co., Liverpool; Woolley and Co., Manchester; Blusdale and Co., York.

MAKE WHISKY AT HOME FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S PARTIES

MASON'S WINE ESSENCES

NON-INTOXICATING

A 6d. Bottle will make a Gallon of delicious Wine. Sample bottle post free for 9 stamps.

A Lady writes:—"The 6d. bottle of Finger Wine Essence made several bottles of most delicious wine, far better than what we have paid 2s. a bottle for. It is most suitable for children's parties."

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Mason's Extract of Herbs for making delicious Non-intoxicating Beer. A 6d. bottle makes eight gallons. Sample bottle, 9 stamps, or a sample of both post free for 15 stamps.

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TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.

Undoubted bargain. A superior service of plate, comprising 6 table and 6 dessert forks, 6 tea and 6 dessert spoons, 4 table spoons, all stamped "Benares Silver," hard and guaranteed to wear white, equal in appearance to sterling silver; also 6 table and 6 dessert knives, pair carvers and steel, all white handles, side rivetted, of finest Sheffield make, together with the fine wicker (lined) plate basket, 44 pieces. Quite new, never been used. Value 24 4s., cash wanted, will accept 48s. Approval if desired.

Mrs. Reeve, 2, ROWLANDS VILLAS, MILTON ROAD, ILFORD.

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ALL PERSONS SUFFERING FROM EPILEPSY SHOULD SEND NAME & ADDRESS TO JAMES OSBOENE, Medical Pharmacy, Ashborne, Derbyshire, who will forward, free of charge, full particulars, with testimonials, of the most successful remedy ever discovered for this distressing malady. Sent to all parts of the world.

RUPTURE CURED.

S. J. SHERMAN, Hernia Specialist, sends his book on Rupture and the Evil of Trusses free of charge, from his London Chambers, 64, CHANCERY LANE. Branch Chambers: 50, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.

WOMAN'S FRIEND.

HUXLEY'S "SPECIAL MIXTURE."

THE MOST POWERFUL AND EFFECTUAL MEDICINE KNOWN.

The recipe of a famous French Physician. Quick, safe, and certain. Never fails to Relieve and Cure all irregularities, no matter how caused. Post free to any address for 2s. 6d. or 1s. 6d. per bottle. Full instructions with each. D. G. HUXLEY, 170, Cemetery Road, Sheffield. Private and confidential advice, personally or by letter, FREE.

Enamelled Copper Letters

FOR FACIAS, SIGNS, TABLETS, TRADESMEN'S WINDOWS. SWINGING SIGNS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Numbers, Labels, Trade Marks.

The Durability, Elegance, and striking Brilliance of these Letters have earned for them the reputation of being the Most Effective Medium for all kinds of indoor and outdoor Advertisements.

THE GARNIER ENAMELLED LETTER & ADVERTISING SIGN CO., LTD., 61 FARRINGTON RD., LONDON, E.C. (Near the Farringdon Road Station).

VITAL SECRETS FOR MEN.

Don't take medicine, but read "MYSTERY," the most approved guide on sexual matters. Post free, One Shilling. Beetham Publishing Company, 41 Lord Street, Liverpool. (Mention Pearson's.)

UNIMPEACHABLE! UNIMPEACHABLE! UNIMPEACHABLE!

Unimpeachable Testimonials, Repeat Orders, and Commendatory Letters have been received from thousands of the most illustrious Personages from all parts of the World, acknowledging the real worth, value, and satisfaction obtained by purchasing my manufactures.

THE GIGANTIC SALE OF THE "QUEEN'S ROYAL" HOUSEHOLD

2/6 HEARTH RUGS (Registered) 2/6

Is REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6ft. long and 2ft. wide. These HEARTH RUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS, and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered designs, and considered works of art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, including unmentioned, giving the highest satisfaction.

SPECIAL OFFER.—THREE FOR 7/-, SIX FOR 13/6, TWELVE FOR 26/-. CARRIAGE FREE.

Very Rev. Dean Ferguson
Rev. Dr. Walsingham
Dean of Killarney
Dean of Carrington
Rev. Dr. Holden
Rev. Canon Mather
Rev. Canon Cooper
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Archbishop of York
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Archbishop of Canterbury
Archbishop of Wales
Archbishop of Exeter
Archbishop of London
Bishop of Cape Town
Bishop of Adelaide
Rev. Canon Wilson
Canon Frothingham

H. E. H. Prince Louis of Battenberg
The Princesses of the Crown
Countess of Haddington
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Countess of Lichfield
Marchioness of Breadalbane
Marchioness of Hastings
Countess of Yarborough
Countess Kearney
Countess Cowley
Viscountess of Moleworth
Viscountess of Hereford
Duchess of Wellington
Marchioness of Epsom
Viscountess of Trafalgar
Duchess of Richmond
Dowager Countess of Clancarty
Countess of Ashburnham
Right Hon. Lady Martin
Countess of Winchelsea
Dowager Countess of Devon



Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern

CARPETS

(REGISTERED)

Trade Mark
on all Goods
Beware
of
Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the world. Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction.

Trade Mark
on all Goods
Beware
of
Imitations.

6 ft. by 9 ft., carriage free	price 11 9	10 ft. by 12 ft., carriage free	price 21 9
6 " " 6 " "	12 6	10 " " 12 " "	22 6
6 " " 12 " "	15 6	10 " " 12 " "	27 6
6 " " 6 " "	17 9	10 " " 12 " "	27 6
6 " " 10 " "	20 9	10 " " 12 " "	27 6
6 " " 12 " "	22 9	10 " " 12 " "	27 6
6 " " 13 " "	25 9	10 " " 12 " "	27 6

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and particular colour preferred.

The old style of covering the floor of a room entirely with carpet is gradually giving place to the more healthy mode of laying down a square in the middle of the room, the flooring beyond being stained and varnished, or polished with beeswax according to the French fashion.

Elizabeth, Countess of Winchelsea and Nottingham, writes, further requesting Mr. Hodgson to send her six more of the "Queen's Royal" Household Hearthrugs at 12s. 6d. as soon as possible; those received she is very much pleased with. Cheques enclosed.

The Elms, West End, West Hampstead, 4th Jan. Sir William Onslow, Bart., writes:—"I was much pleased with the 'Queen's Royal' Carpet and Rugs which I had from you a short time ago. Please send me another, 12 ft. by 18 ft., 22 ft., with three Hearthrugs to match. Cheques enclosed."

Fewsey, Wiltshire, Sept. 22nd. Miss B. K. Mould writes:—"Please forward me another of your 'Queen's Royal' Hearthrugs. P.O. 2s. 6d. enclosed for payment. I had one three years ago and it is still in use and am very pleased with it."

Sunningdale, Berks, 25th July. Sir Frederick A. Milbank, Bart., writes:—"Please supply me with another 'Queen's Royal' Carpet, 12 ft. by 18 ft., 22 ft., for a dining-room for my shooting residence at Barningham Park—similar to the one and gold colour as supplied for my drawing-room last year."

Walker Gate, Newcastle-on-Tyne, September 17th.

J. A. Fenwick, Esq., writes:—"Your 'Queen's Royal' Carpets are very much pleased with. Please send three Hearthrugs 6 ft. by 9 ft. for 7s. Amount enclosed."

Lion House, Teddington, Middlesex, October 4th. Mrs. Prall writes:—"The 'Queen's Royal' Carpet you sent me three years ago I have great pleasure in saying that although in constant wear it is only just worn out. Send another of a conventional pattern as possible, size 9 ft. by 15 ft., price 27s. 6d. Cheques enclosed."

Croydon Villa, Southville, Bristol, October 3rd. Mrs. South writes:—"Am very much pleased with the 'Queen's Royal' Carpet Hearthrugs and Eclipse Carpets. Please send another Carpet and Rug. Amount enclosed for payment."

In the High Court of Justice (Chancery Division).—Hodgson v. Webb Brothers.—On the 18th day of July, 1890, his Lordship, Mr. Justice Chitty, granted an interim injunction restraining Messrs. Webb Brothers, of Hackney Wick, from infringing Mr. Fredk. Hodgson's Trade Mark, "Eclipse," No. 93,774 (of Leeds).

"ECLIPSE" CARPETS. (Registered)

I will forward direct from the Looms (carriage free to any address), on receipt of 4/9.

WOVEN REVERSIBLE CARPET.

Measuring 6 ft. by 9 ft.

Suitable for Breakfast Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in colours, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for my goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember, these are woven, not printed, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have been already sold at double these prices.

"Eclipse" Rug sent with Carpet, 1s. 6d. extra. Special Offer—two Carpets and two Rugs for 10s. 6d.; four Carpets and four Rugs, 20s. Carriage free.

"We have never seen a cheaper article, the wonder being how the carpet can be made and sold at the ridiculously small sum."—*Exchange and Mart*. "Wonderful value for money."—*Church Bell*. Hundreds of favourable press notices from the *Christian Globe*, *Christian World*, *Christian Age*, *Rock*, *Catholic Times*, &c., &c. Thousands of testimonials and repeat orders from my customers.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. This extraordinary offer may not be repeated. All orders despatched same day as received.

DO NOT MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY.

CAUTION.—All my goods are sent Carriage Free. Beware of all firms not specially stating this, or otherwise you may be called to pay heavy charges for carriage.

The Largest ever sold at the Price.



Carriage Free, 4/9 each.

Special Sizes just manufactured in "Eclipse" Carpets, bordered, offered at nominal prices, in Algerian and Art Designs.

2 1/2 yds. by 3 yds.	5s. 11d. Carriage free
3 yds. by 3 yds.	7s. 6d. "
3 yds. by 3 1/2 yds.	8s. 6d. "
3 yds. by 4 yds.	9s. 6d. "
3 1/2 yds. by 4 yds.	10s. 6d. "
4 yds. by 4 yds.	12s. 6d. "
4 yds. by 4 1/2 yds.	14s. 6d. "
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Foybe Terrace, Clontarf, Dublin, Sept. 25th, 1893. Robert Ingham writes:—"I had one of your 'Eclipse' Carpets some time ago which lasted well for the money and shall be glad to have a 'Queen's Royal' Reversible Carpet, 12 ft. by 15 ft., price 21/3, with Hearthrug to match. Postal Order 23/6 enclosed."

Gray Street, Blackfriars Road, London, Sept. 17, 1893. Mrs. Penfold writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpet and Rug I have very well pleased with; it is a marvel of cheapness. I have enclosed you order for other goods, with P.O. 18/6 enclosed."

21, Julian Street, Plymouth, Sept. 24, 1893. M. Jenkins, Esq., writes:—"The Reversible 'Eclipse' Carpets received from you. I am highly pleased with them. Kindly send me one more, with other goods as partially with cheque 20/2 enclosed."

Callin, Loughlinch, Rossmore, Oct. 4, 1893. Miss Giffanders writes:—"I am well pleased with your 'Eclipse' Carpets. They are worth double the money. I have enclosed orders for other goods, value as per P.O. 18/6 enclosed."

The Drive, High Barnet, Oct. 3, 1893. Miss A. Hammond writes:—"I had one of your 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs last spring, with which I was much pleased. Should be obliged by your sending me a 'Queen's Royal' Carpet, 6 ft. by 12 ft., at 15/6, for a bedroom, with Hearthrug to match. P.O. 15/6 enclosed."

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